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THE WAR.

THE news of the week is full of fresh disasters and reverses to the French arms. The exit of DUCROT from Paris has been arrested, as the General himself has frankly avowed. But the crushing blow has been the break-up of the Army of the Loire and the recapture of Orleans. It is impossible to describe the bitter disappointment and mortification that this defeat of the army on which it mainly depended for the relief of Paris has been to France and to the Government at Tours. On Thursday, the 1st, the French left was pressing forward with some appearance of success; but on Friday, the 2nd, the Grand Duke of MECKLENBURG, in conjunction with VON DER TANN, took the offensive, and drove the French left from the positions it had captured the day before, and after an engagement at Orgères, in which it took eleven guns, drove it eastward on the road from Artenay to Orleans. On Saturday, the 3rd, Prince FREDERIC CHARLES attacked the French centre, and drove it through the forests and through Chevilly on to the same road as that by which the left had had to retreat on Friday. The whole Army of the Loire was driven into its entrenchments in front of Orleans. The occasion had arrived when these defensive works, protected by naval guns, ought to have given the vast Army of the Loire, stated by M. GAMBETTA to have reached 200,000 men, a position for fighting at the greatest advantage. But General D'AURELLE could not or would not trust his army. He was afraid of an overwhelming disaster with the Loire behind him and the Germans threatening his line of retreat, and he made up his mind to retire before it was too late. He informed the Government that he must abandon his defensive works, and also evacuate Orleans. Totally unprepared for such a calamity, the Government remonstrated; but, on his positive assertion that he alone could judge of the situation, acquiesced in the movement. On Sunday morning he changed his mind, and an effort was made to hold the entrenchments. This was made, however, with little vigour. The Germans stormed them, and the only care of D'AURELLE was to get as many of his men safely away as possible. On Sunday night the vanguard of the Germans captured some of the suburbs of Orleans, and the surrender of the town was demanded under threat of bombardment. In accordance with the directions left behind by D'AURELLE, General PALLIÈRES at midnight surrendered the town, and the whole of the Army of the Loire had vanished from the scene. Its retreat was effected without disturbance, having, in fact, taken place so early that the Germans had no opportunity of disturbing it. The Germans took several guns and some thousand prisoners, but this was only a very small part of their success. What they know now, and what the French know now equally well, is that the hasty levies of France cannot stand up against them. The few disciplined and regular troops present, and especially the Pontifical Zouaves, fought with the utmost determination; but the Mobiles are too young or too new to face German veterans. In two days a German force not above two-thirds of their number forced the new troops of France first into a confused helpless mass, and then into a retreat from all the positions they had won, or had carefully prepared in order to assure themselves against a reverse. It is a disaster of a different kind from that of Sedan, but not much less grave. The Army of the Loire has not been captured, but it has only remained in existence by entirely refusing to fight when every advantage it could be likely to obtain was on its side.

The story of the grand sortie of last week is now tolerably clear. That DUCROT cut his way through the besiegers with 150,000, or any other number of men, is totally untrue. The circle of investment was not only not broken

through, but was only remotely threatened. The end of the sortie is that the French have retired within the shelter of their forts. Yet the Germans not only suffered great loss, but they set themselves to accomplish tasks which they failed to accomplish. They could not destroy the bridges over the Marne, and they could not hold Brie and Champigny. The sortie of the 30th, of which last week we had only partial intelligence, was directed against the four villages of Champigny, Brie, Villiers, and Noisy-le-Grand, held by the Saxons and Wurtembergers. The first three were taken by the French; but subsequently Villiers was retaken by the Saxons, who fought heroically. On the 1st the German leaders decided that Brie and Champigny must be retaken. Accordingly on the morning of the 2nd the Saxons retook Brie with ease, and the Wurtembergers retook Champigny after a sharp struggle. But the forts opened a terrific fire, and the French came out in massive columns, approaching just to where they were short of the fire of their own forts, and thence using the Chassepôt. The Saxons tried to get down to the Marne in order to seize the bridges by which the French had crossed to take the villages. But they could not get so far, and towards the close of the afternoon desisted from the attempt. The French had recrossed the Marne, and retired; and the end of the day's work was that Brie and Champigny were cleared of the French, although they were too exposed to the fire of the forts to be held by the Germans. Villiers remained uncontested in the possession of the Germans. On Saturday the French made an effort once more to take it. But the Wurtembergers, who now held it, were ready, and the threatened attack died away early in the morning. This was the end of the sortie. There had been two minor attempts during the week, the one in the South, and the other in the North; but this attack in the South-east was the main one, and on both days, the 30th and the 2nd, the French fought as if they thought they were going to win, with steadiness, energy, and alacrity, and were well handled, and showed signs of having been well disciplined. If there were any tokens of relief coming from without to aid the garrison of Paris, it might even be said that the general result of the sortie was favourable to the French. They have gained the confidence natural to men who have fought well, and who know they can fight well. The fire of the forts is evidently too much for the Germans. It has increased in range and effectiveness since the beginning of the siege, and the supply of ammunition appears to be endless. And the Germans evidently have nothing to oppose to it. They have no guns in position powerful enough to silence the forts or to cripple their powers of annoyance. But then the great effort has been made, and the besiegers still invest Paris. The opinion of the English critics on the spot, who may perhaps be a little influenced by only looking at things from the German side, is that the sortie has been a failure. For, no advantage having been obtained in the first instance by the French, the Germans have been put on their guard, and have now the opportunity of strengthening their position indefinitely. The hopes of Paris being saved from starvation by a great sortie are for the present at an end. The most probably that can be said is that the spirit shown by the troops in the sortie, and the even results of the engagements, may give renewed determination to the Parisians, and stimulate them to go on to the last, even under the depressing news of the recapture of Orleans.

The French themselves destroyed the bridges they had made over the Marne, and retired, it is said, into the wood of Vincennes at the beginning of the week, and since then no active attempt on the German position has been made. Probably they are collecting themselves for another great effort, and if that too should fail, and no relief comes from without, Paris

will have to look famine fairly in the face. It is very difficult to make out what are the supplies that Paris still possesses. The daily allowance of meat, which is now mostly salt meat, is said to be about an ounce and a half for each person. Bread and wine are still in abundance. But Paris would be a long way off surrendering from starvation if any prospect of relief from without existed. But from every quarter the news is bad. Rouen has been occupied, after a struggle in which 20,000 Frenchmen made a feeble and short resistance. Havre and Dieppe are expecting the enemy; and Lille, which was to have been the centre of the defence of the North, gives no sign of doing anything. General MANTEUFFEL and his troops move about Normandy almost as they please, levying contributions, and living at free quarters on the riches of the province. The story of the East and West of France is sadly alike. The Mobiles of Bretoncelles are paralleled by the Mobiles of Autun, and although there is everywhere much individual gallantry, yet the poor lads who have come to take the field, often against their will, are overwhelmed with panic directly they see what war means. Whether the troops that were led out of Paris by General DUCROT were older and better soldiers, or whether the Mobiles of Paris are merely better drilled and led than those of the provinces, no one can say positively. As neither on the 30th of November nor on the 2nd were there more than 30,000 actively engaged, it is not perhaps surprising that there should be that amount of good soldiers in an army of half a million. But, whatever the reason may be, the fact cannot be doubted that the mass of the new troops of the provinces do not fight well enough to make them equal to even a smaller force of Germans, and that a considerable proportion of them cannot be trusted to fight at all. There is also every now and then a selfish apathy to the national cause to be seen, which speaks badly for the future. At Amiens the French citizens positively declined to give for some time any help whatever to the French wounded. Their defenders had gone out to fight for them after their fashion, and then, when brought back wounded, were refused shelter and assistance by the population they had risked their lives to protect. The little that was given was rendered them by the English distributors of relief and surgical assistance. This was most disgraceful to the wealthy inhabitants of Amiens, and may suffice to inspire a painful doubt whether, by going out of our way to do a task of charity that ought to have been discharged by others, we have not done great harm while honestly wishing to do a little good. People living in comfort at Amiens seem to have quite adopted the theory that it was entirely the duty of a small body of foreigners to look after the French wounded. War brings out the bad side of character as well as the good, and if on the whole we may justly admire France for what it has done and borne for the last three months, it must be owned that there is much in the picture that has been presented to us which is calculated to awaken anything but admiration.

RUSSIA AND THE CONFERENCE.

LORD GRANVILLE, having on several previous occasions proved himself a master of diplomatic composition, has answered Prince GORTCHAKOFF's second Note logically, neatly, tersely, and courteously. To the Russian Chancellor's assurance that his Government is anxious for the maintenance of friendly relations with England, Lord GRANVILLE supplies the appropriate commentary of a hope that the obstacle to so desirable a state of things may be removed. Prince GORTCHAKOFF's suggestion that the original Circular contained only the announcement of a principle is accepted with the intimation that, if the Russian declaration is not intended to be followed by practical results, the controversy between the Governments may be considered to be closed. Of the Conference proposed by Prussia the English Government approves on the distinct understanding that the justice of the Russian claim is in no respect admitted or conceded. In the passage of arms the English combatant has so far equalled his adversary in adroitness and in grace, and the spectators will perhaps be unable to decide with certainty whether either party has gained ground. Any expectation which may have been entertained by the Russian Government of effecting an encroachment without resistance or protest has been disappointed; but the form of the original Circular seemed to invite rather than to deprecate opposition, and the correspondence with other Courts which has since been published confirms the impression that the Russian Government deliberately adopted a tone of defiance. The English Government thus far retains entire freedom of action; and it is

understood that Austria also has consented to take part in the Conference on the understanding that her participation shall be without prejudice to the results. It was on the whole advisable to adopt the Prussian proposal; and it was difficult to deprive Russia of the advantage of converting a certainty into a disputable proposition. The words of the Treaty of 1856 are perfectly clear; and if they are reconsidered, the inquiry must be undertaken for the purpose of modifying them, and not of interpreting them. It is said that the enthusiasm excited in Russia by the EMPEROR's denunciation of the treaty would render it difficult for his Government to retrace its steps. The cynical repudiation of agreements has caused surprise and dissatisfaction in every other part of Europe, except that it is excused and even defended by a section of English politicians. Mr. FROUDE is perhaps misrepresented in the summary of his speech at Manchester, where he is reported to have said that the Emperor of RUSSIA was perfectly right in withdrawing from the treaty.

Conferences and Congresses are held either to record arrangements previously settled, or to adjourn pressing and dangerous questions. It is in the highest degree improbable that the English Plenipotentiary should induce Russia to withdraw the pretensions asserted in the Circular. On the other hand, England, Austria, and Italy will form a majority in favour of the observance of the treaty; but a Conference is not a Parliament, to decide by the greater number of votes, and any dissenting member can at the last moment withdraw. The last Conference held in London met in the middle of the campaign of 1864, in the hope of obtaining lenient terms for Denmark; but having already ascertained that England and France were not prepared to support their recommendations by arms, the allied German Governments left the Conference as they had entered it, in the full resolution to refuse the smallest concession. If M. GAMBETTA had declined, on behalf of the Committee of Defence, to take part in the Conference, his refusal might have been easily understood. It was perhaps scarcely to be expected that France should assent to a measure originating with the North German Government; and a Power which is more than fully occupied with the defence of its own soil could not in any case exercise important influence in international questions. The additional reverses which have recently been suffered by the French armies will confirm the Russian belief that the moment for repudiating the treaty was rightly chosen; yet the opponents who remain are abundantly strong enough, if they are united, to check Russian designs upon Turkey. If the Conference breaks up without any settlement of the dispute, the construction of a Russian fleet in the Black Sea will remain, as at present, a just cause of war; and the Governments which are chiefly interested in the matter may choose their own time for the exercise of their rights. For the accomplishment of the designs of Russia it will be necessary, not only that the fleet should be built, but that it should command the Euxine. The inutility of a naval force in the presence of superior adversaries has been sufficiently proved, both in the Crimean War and in the contest between France and Germany. A fleet which cannot keep the sea is only useful as far as it employs a certain number of the enemy's cruisers in maintaining a blockade.

In the most favourable contingency, the Conference can only substitute for an undertaking which has proved itself insufficient another security of the same order. An award is a constructive contract among the litigants who have submitted their quarrel to arbitration, and Russia, who has rudely torn the seal from the original bond, might, without further loss of character, repudiate any new agreement. No fresh circumstance occurring since the date of the treaty justified the Russian breach of contract, for the union of the Danubian Principalities was understood on all sides to be a concession in favour of Russia; and it appears from Lord GRANVILLE's last despatch that the change which, in the opinion of the English Government, might have justified a relaxation of the treaty, was not the establishment of a common government for Wallachia and Moldavia, but the transfer of the sovereignty of the Principalities to Austria. Russia herself recognised Prince CHARLES of HOHENZOLLERN in cordial language as ruler of the united provinces. In conformity with the precedent which he has himself created, the Emperor of RUSSIA might at any time declare that adherence to the Protocols of the Conference of London was no longer compatible with the dignity of his Crown or with the welfare of his subjects. Such an announcement might justify indignation, but it would no longer cause surprise; and on every future occasion violation of treaties by Russia will be encouraged by the well-founded hope of securing the services of English apologists. If Prince GORTCHAKOFF has not altered the rules of interna-

tional morality, he has made an important contribution to political experience. Statesmen have always known that a covenant was less valuable than a material guarantee, but the inferiority of promises to accomplished facts must now be still more clearly recognised. As all parties to the Conference, not excepting Russia, will be anxious if possible to escape from the necessity of war, it will be worth while to inquire whether the stipulated neutrality of the Black Sea may not be advantageously exchanged for a scheme more durable, though it may be more costly. If debts of honour are no longer to be recognised, it may become necessary to provide security for due payment. The object of the Allies in 1856 was not to impose disabilities on Russia, but to secure the independence and integrity of Turkey. The simplest mode of attaining the desired end was to prohibit an approach to the spot which was exposed to trespass; but if Russia insists on a right of way for her war-ships, her irregular propensities may perhaps be kept in check by reversing the system of neutrality.

There is reason to doubt whether the presence of European fleets in the Black Sea would not be even more unpalatable to Russia than the maintenance of the existing prohibition. If it were thought desirable to abolish all existing restrictions, it would become a grave question whether the Turkish Government should still retain its ancient right of closing in time of peace the passage of the Straits. It would probably be impossible to confine the Russian fleet to the inland waters, and at the same time to open the entrance of the Black Sea to the war-fleets of other nations; and the exercise of a discretion or preference by the Turkish Government would furnish incessant causes of irritation. The issue of Russian ships of war into the Mediterranean, though it might be advantageous to the Empire, would not involve any serious risk to the maritime Powers. It was for the protection, not of the coasts of the Mediterranean, but of European Turkey, and especially of Constantinople, that the neutrality of the Black Sea was established. Russia, like all other Powers, has a right to cruise in the Mediterranean, though not to enter the sea from her own Southern ports. In case of war a Russian squadron in the Mediterranean would be a valuable hostage rather than a formidable opponent; but the case would scarcely arise, for if Turkey were a party to the war the passage of the Straits would be immediately closed. There would remain the danger of expeditions directed against the ports of Thrace or against Constantinople itself; but the Turkish fleet, with the aid of English and French ships habitually cruising in the Black Sea, would be strong enough to guard against serious danger. If the members of the Conference should find it practicable to discover any similar mode of avoiding an immediate collision, it may be hoped that moralists and philanthropists will not be hasty in denouncing any precautions which may be taken against the possible designs of Russia. The loyal addresses of Russian municipalities sufficiently show that Prince GORTCHAKOFF's Circular meets with popular applause, not because it was morally justifiable, but on the ground that the EMPEROR is superior to treaties. The addresses themselves may probably have been composed in the Government offices, but they will not fail to create the opinion which they purport to express.

THE PROPOSED ARMISTICE.

THE reputation for earliness and accuracy of information which the *Daily News* has so justly won during the war justifies us in accepting as correct the important news it publishes of the intention of M. GAMBETTA to apply at once for an armistice. The news will be, we believe, equally welcome to France, to Germany, and to Europe. It is of course a confession of defeat; but it speaks highly for the courage and patriotism of M. GAMBETTA that he should have determined to take a step which we may be perfectly sure he only takes in the interests of his country. He must have convinced himself that he cannot save Paris. The proclamation of General DUCROT has made known to Paris and to France that he has no hopes of making a successful sortie in the direction which he chose as the most likely to ensure success. To attempt further to force a passage near the confluence of the Seine and Marne would, he acknowledges, only be to send his troops where they must meet with inevitable and terrible disasters. His men would be sacrificed to no purpose, and the shock of their calamities would tell fatally on the courage and endurance of the Parisians. He speaks indeed of future sorties in other directions. But he must know that the probability is overwhelming that he would find the Germans as well prepared in one

quarter as in another. He also knows that, even if he got a portion of his troops through the lines of the besiegers, there is now no helping hand stretched out from the Loire to meet him. M. GAMBETTA, on his part, must by this time have ascertained how it happened that his general, at the head of 200,000 men, had to retreat before an enemy numerically so much weaker. In the North the richest territory and the finest cities of France lie open to the invader. It is quite true that France might protract the war after Paris had fallen, and after the North and centre of France had passed under the dominion of the invaders. But it could only protract the war at the cost of enormous sacrifices, and with faint hope of driving the Germans from the strong positions in the East which they have won, and hold. It may be that at the last moment France, when the armistice has expired, will go on fighting rather than submit to the harsh terms of her conqueror. But she will not do so under any fresh disadvantage; while the resolution to continue the war will then be the resolution of France, and not of a self-appointed Dictator. An armistice will give time for a National Assembly to meet, and such an Assembly will meet at a very favourable time. The representatives of the Great Powers will be in conference as to the military navigation of the Euxine, and the efforts of neutral Powers to bring about a peace on terms moderately fair and satisfactory to France may naturally be made at the same time. It is true that the armistice involves in all probability the surrender of Paris. But the very basis of the application for an armistice is the confession that the relief of Paris is hopeless; and it is less humiliating for the Parisians that the negotiations for peace should go on while the invader is still outside their walls, than if France were engaged in treating with the enemy encamped in the capital. The resolution which Paris has shown, the determination, the bravery, and the successes of the troops in the great sortie, and the mere fact that Paris could still inflict severe losses on the Germans, will have an effect on the Germans themselves and on the action of the neutral Powers which will be valuable to France, and which could not be exercised a few weeks later when starvation might have brought Paris to an unconditional surrender.

The world will think very highly of M. GAMBETTA when the war is over. He has been the one capable man whom France has produced. It is he that has continued the war. It is he that has lifted up the name and fame of France after the dishonour of Sedan. He has given his country, for three months, courage, unity, organization. He made the Army of the Loire, which was a very creditable army and is even now fighting on, although in the critical moment it could not hold its ground against the discipline and steadfastness of the Germans. He found a general who was at least successful in one engagement, and had enough military knowledge to avoid a repetition of the blunders of MACMAHON. He has been blamed in England for interfering with D'AURELLE before he finally retreated from Orleans, and for proposing to inquire subsequently into the circumstances which had led to that retreat. This blame is, we think, wholly unmerited. No civilian having the whole fortunes of a great country depending on him, having by unceasing efforts got together and equipped and organized under the most discouraging circumstances an enormous army, would have learnt, without a word of remonstrance, that the general he had chosen proposed to retreat at the very crisis of the fortunes of the nation. When D'AURELLE insisted that, as the general in command, he must know best, M. GAMBETTA at once acquiesced; but so little did General D'AURELLE know his own mind that he subsequently sent back to say that he thought he could continue the struggle with advantage. But although a Government must allow a general to take a decisive step as to the necessity of which he can judge and the Government cannot, it is nothing short of the duty of the Government to inquire subsequently into the circumstances which have led to a great national mortification and calamity. But M. GAMBETTA, whose action is now the action of France, had to consider not only what would happen. He had to consider what would be the best course for France that he could take; and he has decided that he ought to go so far towards making peace as to propose an armistice. It must have cost him a deep pang to have brought himself to such a conclusion; but he has acted like a bold and honest man in not allowing his private feelings and interests to stand in the way of doing what he must have considered to be a painful public duty. Count BISMARCK has freely blamed him and his colleagues for usurping the Government of France, and preventing France from expressing its real feelings and wishes. All that can be said in reply is that France has amply ratified the decision of M. GAMBETTA.

France did not want an armistice, or peace, or the meeting of a National Assembly. It wanted war; it wanted to fight; if possible to save Paris, and to drive away the invader; and at least to regain honour and consideration in Europe. For this end it needed a man who would and could govern, who could raise armies and decide who should lead them; and such a man it found in M. GAMBETTA. He has doubtless committed numerous blunders, as he certainly has, whether intentionally or not, been audacious in his mendacity. But he has done what he offered to France to do, and what France wanted and allowed him to do. It is as much the business of a patriot and a statesman to yield at the right time as not to yield at the wrong time; and now M. GAMBETTA is of opinion that not he, but France, should decide whether the war shall go on. It may be that the consequence of peace will be that his beloved Republic will be swept away, and that he will pass into obscurity or exile. It may be, on the other hand, that the Republic will gain rather than lose by a Republican statesman showing that he can think of France, and not merely of himself and his party. But, whether he gains or loses in the end by what he is now doing, it is equally certain that he is only doing what he thinks is his duty, and is prepared to abide the consequences.

It so happens that, at the very time when France is thus bringing towards a probable close a war undertaken five months ago to break up German unity, the last steps are being taken in Germany to make this unity an accomplished fact, and to signalize its accomplishment by the creation of an Empire of Germany. Events move on so fast that the world scarcely perceives how strange a revolution is indicated in a King of Bavaria writing to a King of Saxony to invite him to aid in inducing their common chief of Prussia to take a title marking that all German Kings and Princes are now under him. All the Southern States have joined the Confederation, the Federal Parliament has ratified the terms on which they have joined it, and it only remains for the local Parliaments of the new members of the Confederation to give in their adhesion. But Bavaria has succeeded in exacting concessions which are gratifying to her pride, and which seem as if they must exercise a considerable influence on the future policy of the Confederation. She is to retain, and her Southern neighbours through her influence are also to retain, the control of their own posts, telegraphs, and railways. Bavaria is also to retain her own excise system, and her law determining the conditions under which the natives of other German States may take up their residence in her territory. These are slight infractions of the theoretically perfect union of Germany; but Count BISMARCK decided to accede to them, and to represent them to the Federal Parliament as of slight importance, rather than incur the evils of further delay. But this is by no means all that Bavaria has gained. She has agreed that the Bavarian army shall be moulded on the Federal pattern, and in time of war shall be placed unreservedly at the disposal of the chief of the Confederation. But war, except for strictly defensive purposes, is not to be declared except by a vote of the Federal Council; and in time of peace the Federal Council is to have the control of the foreign affairs of the Confederation. This is meant, and is accepted, as a check on any aggressive designs which Prussia might cherish, and Count BISMARCK agrees to it on the ground that the Confederation is meant to be mainly a defensive Power. It is hoped that the proclamation of this character of the Confederation, and the signal manifestation of its vast powers of defence involved in the nomination of an Emperor of United Germany, may not be without its effect when the terms of peace are discussed, should an armistice be granted and lead to such a discussion. Germany can scarcely pretend that it now needs Metz to make itself feel safe from France. It is curious that just at this juncture the Luxemburg question seems all of a sudden to have come once more on the carpet. Dark rumours are spread of negotiations between Prussia and Holland, and of the revival of the claims of Germany. It is not impossible that Count BISMARCK, having made up his mind that an opportunity for treating for peace would soon come, and knowing the earnest desire of Germany for peace, may have taken into consideration whether, if he got Luxemburg, he might not make peace easier by abandoning all pretension to keep Metz. Whether this could be effected, whether it would be right that it should be done, and whether the neutral Powers would be in any way bound to interfere, are questions not worth discussing until we know that the project is seriously entertained.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

GENERAL GRANT'S Message to Congress confirms the suspicion that he has fallen under the sinister influence of General BUTLER. The absurd statement lately published in a foreign paper, that the PRESIDENT had offered the aid of the American fleet to the Emperor of RUSSIA, was probably suggested by a knowledge of the unfriendly feeling which finds less extravagant expression in the Message. A year ago nearly the whole English press strained its ingenuity to place a favourable interpretation on the ambiguous but significant language of the paragraphs in the Message which related to the *Alabama* dispute. The publication of Mr. FISH's strange communication to Lord CLARENDON soon afterwards furnished a more authentic explanation of the PRESIDENT's meaning. It would be wrong either to slight or to overrate the importance of hinted menaces which are at least in part intended to serve domestic purposes with which Englishmen have no concern. In the course of the last forty years three Presidential Messages out of four have indicated ill-will to England. Before the war the pretext for resentment was generally derived from the English prejudice against the system of slavery which was supported by the dominant party. It was only on the eve of secession that Mr. BUCHANAN, in his last Message, abstained from imputations on the character of the English Government. Mr. LINCOLN, greatly to his credit, offered no official countenance to the popular clamour; and it was reserved for General GRANT to resume the interrupted tradition of vituperation. As the alleged provocation has from time to time varied with the necessities of party, it may be fairly assumed that the President's charges against England are intended rather to flatter than to instruct popular feeling and opinion. Intelligent American politicians are fully aware that the English Government and nation would at all times be glad to cultivate the most friendly relations with the United States; but as long as votes are to be gained by denouncing the policy and character of England, it is impossible to establish a good understanding. Lord STANLEY and Lord CLARENDON went to the very verge of allowable concession when, in deference to the wishes of the American Government, they agreed to submit the *Alabama* claims to an open arbitration. It is impossible, as the PRESIDENT knows, that their successors should reopen the negotiation by an unqualified admission of the disputed liabilities. Mr. FISH's despatch, which was the last formal communication on the subject, insisted, evidently for the purpose of rendering a settlement impossible, on the absurd and obsolete grievance of the English recognition of Confederate belligerency. The American Government also stated that the amount of the pecuniary claims, and even the principle on which it was to be estimated, had not yet been ascertained. The PRESIDENT nevertheless seems to require that the English Government should, without further inquiry, comply with an arbitrary and indefinite demand. Mr. SUMNER, who by his notorious speech did much to render a friendly arrangement impossible, is now politically opposed to the PRESIDENT. Mr. FISH, whose despatch was more outrageous than Mr. SUMNER's speech, is believed to hold the Department of State by an insecure tenure; and the PRESIDENT's Message contains some ominous points of coincidence with the inflammatory speeches lately delivered by General BUTLER.

Congress and the American people would scarcely have tolerated an official proposal that Canada should, without pretext of right, be seized and annexed by the absurd machinery of a succession of provincial plébiscites; but General GRANT harps with unpleasant pertinacity on a series of petty quarrels which he seems unaccountably anxious to fasten upon Canada. For some time past General BUTLER has been endeavouring to excite popular feeling on the subject of the Canadian fisheries; and it seems not impossible that his agitation may have been designed to prepare the way for the PRESIDENT's complaints in relation to the same subject. The late capture, by an English cruiser, of a fishing-vessel belonging to some of General BUTLER's constituents, may perhaps have resulted from some deliberate breach of the fishing laws committed for the purpose of causing a collision. It would seem either that the capture came too late to furnish matter for a complaint in the Message, or that it was too regular and lawful to serve as a pretext for remonstrance. The event, if it had occurred in time, would have been welcome to a litigant who seems to be entirely at a loss for any definite charge against his opponent. From the telegraphic summary of the Message it may be collected that the Canadians, like the inhabitants of all other countries, exercise the exclusive right of fishing within their own territorial

waters. They have enacted laws for the protection of their property and for the discouragement of trespassers; and General GRANT actually alleges as a grievance the existence of statutes which it has apparently not been found necessary to apply or to enforce. It is not pretended that Canadian fishermen would be allowed to encroach on American fisheries, or that the municipal legislation of Canada is inconsistent with international law. A litigious landowner might as reasonably object to the erection of a fence by his neighbour on the boundary of his property. The reprisals which are threatened in the Message are wholly unprovoked; and unless Congress shares the prejudices of General GRANT and General BUTLER, it is difficult to suppose that the PRESIDENT's suggestions will be adopted. The demand that the St. Lawrence shall be opened to American commerce, as the Rhine and Danube are protected by European treaties, would be reasonable if any vexatious impediments to trade were interposed by the Canadian Government; but it may be doubted whether the American pretensions are confined to a commercial right of way. Having repeatedly echoed General BUTLER's vexatious accusations against England and Canada, General GRANT, in another part of his Message, distinctly points to early annexation of the coveted territory. There is a striking analogy between the vexatious and calculated querulousness of the Message and the frequent complaints of France against Belgium and Switzerland during the latter period of the Empire. At one time the French Government was indignant at the refusal of a Belgian Railway Board to amalgamate with a French Company. Only a few months ago the scheme of a railway across Switzerland connecting Germany with Italy was supposed to be a cause of alarm to France. When one party has an interest in contriving a quarrel and the other only wishes for peace, it is easy to form a preliminary judgment on the merits of any occasional dispute.

In a slightly mysterious passage the PRESIDENT recommends the formation of closer commercial relations with the South American Republics, on the singular ground that the political connexion of Europe with the American Continent is drawing to a close. The relation of the inference to the hypothetical proposition is only to be explained by the PRESIDENT's remarkable theories of political economy. He probably intends to suggest that the South American States should be invited, in return for corresponding concessions, to frame tariffs in which differential duties should be imposed for the benefit of the United States. Many Americans have by this time learned that the best way of promoting trade is to let it alone, or to impose for purposes of revenue the smallest possible duties on imports; but General GRANT is consistent with himself in thinking it possible both to maintain protection at home, and to extend it to foreign countries. It may be confidently predicted that the Southern Americans will decline to sacrifice their European trade for the purpose of creating a fantastic monopoly in the supposed interest of the United States. It is difficult to understand why the limitation of South American commerce would become more advisable if the political connexion of Europe with America—or, in other words, of England with Canada—were dissolved by force or by consent. The assumption that the separation is imminent would scarcely be consistent with international courtesy if it were contained in any other document than a President's Message. General GRANT probably means to say that Canada will soon be annexed to the United States, and consequently blessed with a prohibitive tariff; and that the occasion would be suitable for inducing the other States of the continent to adopt the same suicidal policy.

Arguments, if they are unsound, may be refuted, but motives can only be, if possible, ascertained and estimated at their true value. General GRANT's advisers seem to have persuaded him that his chance of re-election will be increased by appeals to prejudice against England, and possibly by hostile measures. A candidate for the Presidency of 1872 who is unwise enough to pledge himself against Free-trade may perhaps be liable to a similar miscalculation when he relies on professions of hostility to England. The more respectable section of the Republican party has been already in some degree alienated by General GRANT's recent encouragement of popular corruption; and the same class of politicians would certainly deprecate an unprovoked war, and more especially a hostile attempt upon Canada. No dispassionate statesman would wish to introduce the Canadians into the Union in the capacity of defeated and irreconcilable enemies. Reprisals exercised at their expense, in revenge for the assertion of their rights of property, would be an awkward preparation even for General BUTLER's plébiscites. It is probable that some Americans would object on moral grounds to the

unprovoked slaughter and plunder even of Englishmen; and the direct and indirect cost of an unnecessary war would be still more generally regarded as objectionable. The proposal by which General BUTLER hopes to unite his party is much more likely to divide it; and the Republicans have no chance of success at the next election except by entire union among themselves. If General GRANT continues to submit to the tutelage of one of the most disreputable politicians in the United States, he will either fail to secure the Republican nomination, or he will drag down his party in his merited fall. It is rash to prepare for a contest which must be delayed for two years by relying on domestic corruption, on foreign complications, and on opposition to the laws of political economy. On some at least of these questions Mr. HOFMANN, who will probably be the Democratic candidate, will occupy more tenable ground.

MR. MILL ON TREATIES.

MR. MILL has explained more fully, in the *Fortnightly Review*, the doctrine which he had abruptly propounded in his letter to the *Times*. Critics and adversaries who persist in their dissent from his conclusions will nevertheless admit that Mr. MILL's lucid exposition of his theory deserves attention and respectful consideration. His letter, written probably at a time when the risk of war might have seemed imminent, was passionate, inaccurate, and unjust. His Essay on Treaty Obligations is calm and argumentative; and, to those who are inclined to adopt the same opinions, it will probably appear to be convincing. Mr. MILL no longer asserts, in forgetfulness of the Tripartite Convention of 1856, as well as of the general Treaty, that England is under no obligation to protect the independence of Turkey; and, as might be expected in a temperate discussion of international obligations, he abstains from holding up to execration all who hesitate to construe treaties in a non-natural sense. Time and space would not have sufficed, when he published his first protest, for a full exposition of the theory that treaties are invalid if they affect the essential equality of sovereign States. "Of this nature is a stipulation that a country should maintain one form of government or abjure another; that she shall abstain from fortifying places situated within her own territory; that she shall limit to a prescribed amount her army or her fleet, or the portion of each stationed in a particular part of her dominions, no equivalent limitation being consented to by the other parties to the treaty, or by nations in general." Mr. MILL's proposition, which is at least plausible, furnishes a singular comment on the current project for satisfying German exigencies without a surrender of French territory. According to his view no French Government could effectually bind itself by an undertaking to dismantle the fortresses of Alsace and Lorraine, and to abstain in perpetuity from replacing the Eastern frontier in a menacing condition. The corollary that Germany will be justified in retaining the country up to the crest of the Vosges suggests a doubt of the soundness of the principle. The acceptor of a bill of exchange is in a pecuniary sense not on an equality with the holder; but if bills of exchange had been thought violations of natural justice, the debtor would have been forced to pay ready money, or perhaps to become bankrupt. The Russian engagement by which the fleet stationed in the Black Sea is limited would have been a condition of the same nature with the French undertaking, in the Treaty of Utrecht, to demolish the fortifications of Dunkirk, if it had not been accompanied by an ostensible and partial equivalent. The neutralization of the Black Sea was binding on all the States of Europe; and it must be presumed that Russia derived some advantage from the general prohibition. The limitation imposed upon the rights of Turkey was acknowledged by Prince GORTCHAKOFF himself, when he voluntarily offered to release the SULTAN from the restriction which was henceforth repudiated by Russia. It is generally asserted that Antwerp, in the possession of a great military and naval Power, would offer alarming facilities for the invasion of England. On the assumption that the danger would really arise, and that Belgium were about to be annexed by France or by Germany, no English Government would, on Mr. MILL's principles, be justified in stipulating that Antwerp should be an exclusively commercial port, without fortifications or arsenal. It is undoubtedly true that the independence of Belgium is a better security than a clause in a treaty; yet on the hypothesis Mr. MILL himself would probably prefer the acceptance of a formal undertaking to TALLEYRAND's project of the transfer of Antwerp to England.

It is undoubtedly true that, as Mr. MILL states, several of

the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna were violated in the course of forty or fifty years. When fifteen years had passed the Emperor NICHOLAS destroyed the covenanted liberties of Poland; after thirty years the Republic of Cracow was lawlessly destroyed; and forty-seven years elapsed before a BONAPARTE once more ascended the Imperial throne of France. The separation in 1830 of Belgium from the Kingdom of the Netherlands was a breach of a different kind, as it was not effected by any of the parties to the treaty. The independence of Belgium was soon afterwards recognised by all the Great Powers, and, after an interval, by the King of the NETHERLANDS himself. It is evident that the Governments which had erected the new State as a barrier against France had a moral right to assent to the substitution, for the same purpose, of another arrangement which was thought more likely to be permanent. If the French Government had persisted in its design of a direct or virtual annexation of Belgium, it is known from Lord PALMERSTON'S correspondence that the attempt would have been forcibly resisted by England and the Northern Powers. In the matter of Cracow three of the five Great Powers perpetrated an act of violent usurpation. The form of M. Guizot's protest showed that the act was not altogether unpalatable to France, and it was impossible for England to resist alone. In that case the wrong consisted, not in the breach of a clause in the treaty, but in the conquest of a territory by superior force. If Mr. MILL only intends to argue that States from time to time aggrandize themselves by unjustifiable means, he is fighting the air. Prince GORTCHAKOFF has not been accused of disturbing for the first time either the golden age or the millennium. The Constitution of Poland had been established rather by the free will of ALEXANDER I. than at the desire of the Allies. It might be doubted whether they guaranteed the franchises of the Poles; and the Emperor NICHOLAS alleged that the rights of his Polish subjects had been forfeited by rebellion. The case illustrates the justice of Mr. MILL'S objection to interference by way of treaty with the domestic government of States. If the English Government had wished to defend Poland, the practical difficulties of such a course would have been insurmountable. At that time Russia would have been cordially supported by Austria and Prussia; and the acquiescence of France might have been purchased by the consent of Russia to the annexation of Belgium. If the precedent is applied to the present case, it may be readily admitted that, if Russia is unassailable in the Black Sea, England is dispensed from the discharge of a duty which has become impossible. The elevation of NAPOLEON III. to the throne of France cannot reasonably be regarded as a violation of the Treaty of Vienna. The intention of the Allies was to prevent the restoration of the Empire of the great NAPOLEON in his own person, or in that of his son during his lifetime. To the statesmen of 1815 it must have been wholly indifferent whether the French nation might think fit to recall the dynasty after the lapse of half a century. Mr. MILL complains that the greater tenderness of the public conscience on the present occasion is to be attributed to the fact that Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S defiance touches our own interests, and that it is an affront to ourselves. It is undoubtedly true that States are more especially bound to protect their own rights and their own honour than to enforce general regard for public morality. The French declaration of war against Prussia was a far more flagrant outrage than even the Russian repudiation of the Treaty of 1856; but it was not the special business of England to take part in a struggle between two great foreign Powers. It is not, however, to be thought that the Russian menace is primarily addressed to England. The fleet which formerly used the port of Sebastopol was intended to attack, not London, but Constantinople; and it may be assumed that Mr. MILL, after inquiry and reflection, no longer denies the liability of England to maintain the independence of Turkey. To make his argument practically consistent, he ought to contend that all the other parties to the Treaty of 1856 are entitled to follow the example of Russia; yet there is nothing in the provisions of the treaty which affects the dignity or independence of England, France, Austria, or Prussia. Mr. MILL'S caution against the conclusion of treaties which are intrinsically not fit to be kept is judicious and statesmanlike; but it may happen that, as in the present case, an engagement of indisputable obligation forms the counterpart of the condition which is supposed to be objectionable. All the Powers have pledged themselves to protect Turkey, according to the terms of the Treaty of March 30, 1856; and Austria, France, and England have further agreed to regard a breach of the treaty as a *casus belli*. The provision which is declared by Russia

to be henceforth invalid was regarded by all parties as the principal security of Turkey against Russian aggression. It cannot be seriously pretended that a Black Sea fleet and arsenal can have any other object than that of offensive warfare against Turkey.

The controversy perhaps no longer possesses any immediate importance, but Mr. MILL'S argument goes far, if it is accepted, to invalidate all possible treaties. His proposal of treaties limited by terms of years is liable to many objections if it were recommended for universal adoption. A stipulation by Germany that Metz should remain dismantled for twenty years after the war would involve an assent to the restoration of the fortress at the expiration of the term; yet the objection to the existence of a great frontier fortress would probably not be diminished by the lapse of time. A system of treaties for terms of years would tend to degenerate into the Greek practice of truces of limited duration. At the end of the truce it was understood that both parties relapsed into their natural state of war, except in the common case in which one or both had been too impatient to wait for the expiration of the term. The alternative of treaty engagements is the exaction of material guarantees in the form of money or of territory, and many cases may be imagined in which it would be more for the interest of a defeated belligerent to give a promise than to surrender a town, or even to make a burdensome payment. When an enforced obligation becomes intolerable the war must be renewed, as by Prussia and Austria when it became possible, after the retreat from Moscow, to throw off the tyranny of France. NAPOLEON would scarcely have listened to a remonstrance against his acceptance of the challenge which had been provoked, not only by oppressive conditions of peace, but by years of cruelty and plunder. Mr. MILL undertook to prove that the repudiation of the Treaty of 1856 ought not to be resented by a contingent declaration of war, and therefore the precedent of a war commenced for the purpose of escaping the restrictions of a treaty is scarcely applicable. He has succeeded in proving that it is generally not for the interest of a victorious belligerent to content himself with the security of covenants. Whether the destruction of the sanctity of treaties may not often be onerous to the weaker party is a question which he has not thought it necessary to investigate.

THE ST. CLOUD DISCLOSURES.

THE motive which led to the publication by the German Government of the despatches found at St. Cloud is easily seen. The most prominent feature in these papers is the assurances of support which NAPOLEON III. received from the local authorities throughout the country. Ever since the King of Prussia found it convenient to drop the distinction between the Emperor and his subjects the Germans have laid great stress on the complicity of the French nation in the declaration of war. Now that NAPOLEON III. is a prisoner, with no prospect of being restored except possibly in the character of a puppet set up by Count BISMARCK for his own purposes, it is not to their interest to dwell on the dangers of Bonapartist ambition. The danger they want is one which shall supply a valid plea for the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, and a fallen Emperor cannot well be presented in this light. But supposing it can be shown that the great majority of Frenchmen were no better than their late ruler, and that in his nefarious designs against Germany he was but the mouthpiece of a nation of conspirators, it will follow that his dethronement leaves the Fatherland as much in need of protection as before. No change in the form of government can make France less formidable to her neighbours, because the passions which make her mischievous are the common property of the whole people. This being the German case, it was satisfactory to find the precise evidence needed for its establishment stored up for their use at St. Cloud. There is the testimony of M. OLLIVIER to the enthusiasm aroused in the Corps Législatif by the Duke of GRAMONT'S famous statement, and the testimony of sundry Prefects to the enthusiasm aroused in their several districts by the news that war had been declared. Each of these documents deserves to be closely examined. M. OLLIVIER informs the Emperor that "the agitation was at first greater than was intended." It is a curious phrase by which to describe a supposed spontaneous outburst of indignant patriotism; but it probably expresses the exact truth. The Duke of GRAMONT'S declaration was not the genuine utterance of an indignant Government; it was carefully arranged to produce a particular effect on the Legislature. That it should have been successful in this respect

will seem quite natural when we recall the composition and character of the late Corps Législatif. The majority of the members were men who had been returned as good Imperialists, and had deserted the cause of Imperialism when Parliamentary Government seemed to be rising in the political market. Perhaps, if the EMPEROR had been more timid or M. OLLIVIER less manageable, they might have cherished their new-born Constitutionalism to the end of the chapter. But under the combined action of these two influences Parliamentary Government went again to the wall, and Imperialism was restored on the basis of a new plébiscite. To purge themselves of the guilt of having distrusted the fortunes of the Empire now became the great object of the majority in the Corps Législatif. They had most of them done things wholly unbecoming the loyalty of official candidates, and unless this fact could be wiped out from the EMPEROR's memory they could hardly hope to fill that profitable position again. If the Duke of GRAMONT had announced a war with Timbuctoo or with the GRAND LAMA he would have been sure of a cheer in a Chamber thus constituted. Perhaps M. OLLIVIER was not without some knowledge of the truth when he added, "The agitation among the people is very great, but it is a noble and patriotic emotion." Certainly this "but" seems to point to some agitation which was neither noble nor patriotic, and M. OLLIVIER's acquaintance with the Corps Législatif might have furnished him with the suppressed example. His dealings with the Corps Législatif had probably convinced him that most of the members were willing to go any length in order to put themselves right with the authorities, and he recognised that such a frame of mind constituted an admirable preparation for the reception of a declaration of war.

The contents of the Prefects' despatches will help us to test the nature of the noble and patriotic emotion which M. OLLIVIER attributes to the people at large. A despatch from Marseilles, dated the 16th July, describes "a great manifestation." About 10,000 or 15,000 people are parading the streets, with drums beating and torches flaming. They are singing "Reine Hortense" and the "Marseillaise." Cries of "Long live the Emperor," "Down with Prussia," "To Berlin," resound on all sides. "The multitude is as if electrified." A despatch from Toulon, dated a day later, tells of great patriotic enthusiasm. "Young men carrying banners 'have gone to the Sous-Prefecture to hear more particulars, singing the 'Marseillaise,' and crying out 'Long live the Emperor.'" "At Perpignan, on the 15th, we hear of 'great excitement.' War with Prussia is fervently wished for by the whole population. The Republicans even declare that 'in a week hostilities will have begun, and that our soldiers will this time celebrate the EMPEROR's festival in Berlin.'" It will be seen that the first two of these despatches come from great Republican centres, and that the writers are evidently anxious to make it appear that the enthusiasm is a really popular product, that NAPOLEON III. has at length found his way to the hearts even of the Republicans themselves. Yet when the cries and songs are examined there is something suspicious about them. It is conceivable that the hostility of the Democrats to the EMPEROR might have been for the moment forgotten in an outburst of patriotic zeal. But the effect of such a change would have been to make them think only of France, not to make them think differently of NAPOLEON III. They would have sung the "Marseillaise," but not the "Reine Hortense." They would have cried "Long live the Nation," but not "Long live the Emperor." They might have predicted a speedy entry of French troops into Berlin; but they would certainly not have rejoiced in the thought that they would be there soon enough to keep the 15th of August. Consequently the despatches of the Prefects refute themselves. They have not the right ring about them. It must be remembered, too, that the local authorities under the Empire were thoroughly familiar with the manufacture of popular demonstrations. The principle of the *claque* had been extended to politics, and the EMPEROR never visited any part of France without appropriate cheers being forthcoming at every stage of his journey. There is no feature in these "manifestations" which could not have been produced at a few hours' notice by the judicious use of the materials at the Prefects' disposal. The Toulon despatch says nothing about numbers; it only speaks of "young men carrying banners." Republican processions had been so long out of date that it may be doubted whether these banners would have been forthcoming in sufficient numbers if the authorities had not kindly opened their stores, and they would naturally be more sure of their being well used if they only confided them to those who had carried them on former occa-

sions. At Marseilles the Prefect estimates the people who took part in the procession at "about 10,000 or 15,000"; not a very large number at a season of the year when every inhabitant of a Southern city would have been in the streets half the night for a much less serious cause. And under a system by which loyalty is supplied to order, and the blame of overt disaffection is laid at the door of the authorities, official calculations are apt to err on the side of excess. At Toulon the Prefect seems to have been cheered by the thought that he had not laboured in vain, for he adds, "These demonstrations produce the most favourable impression."

If it be objected that no Sovereign could have listened to representations of this kind at a crisis when it was most important to him to know the full truth, the only answer is, that an absolute Sovereign can never rely on having the truth told him even in those rare cases when he wishes to hear it. He has to deal with inferior minds, which are themselves open to the commonplace flattery of smooth prophecies. Men of this order cannot conceive that their Sovereign can care to know facts as they are. Their one idea of making themselves agreeable to him is to dress up facts in the colours in which they suppose he wishes to see them. This is seen in these very despatches whenever they touch on the state of feeling in Germany. It was known or divined that the EMPEROR's policy would aim at sowing dissension among the German Powers, and the tenor of all the news forwarded to him from the South German States goes to show that everything is ripe for the execution of his plan. The French people may have nourished hopes, or been a prey to fears, which led them to condone the EMPEROR's precipitation, and there can be no doubt that military success would have more than atoned in their eyes for all the past misdeeds of the Empire; but there is no evidence to show that the war was not wholly of his own making.

THE TEMPORAL POWER AND THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

IT would be unreasonable and unjust to blame the Roman Catholic clergy, and the zealous portion of the laity, for the grief and indignation which they express on account of the Italian occupation of Rome. Modest schismatics ought candidly to confess that they are not competent judges of the question whether VICTOR EMMANUEL is, or ought to be, subject to the mysterious sentence which is called the Greater Excommunication. It has sometimes been asserted that the penalty only falls on those who are mentioned in the judgment by name; but in excommunicating all parties to the usurpation, of whatever dignity they may be, and even though "they should be worthy of the most special mention," the POPE seems, to unskilled interpreters of his decree, to have struck directly at the KING. The charges on which the condemnation is founded, though they are framed in ecclesiastical Latin and translated into ecclesiastical English, are true in fact, while difference of opinion may exist as to their moral effect. The HOLY FATHER's detestation of his rebellious son gives point even to a literary criticism which is substantially just. VICTOR EMMANUEL's letter of the 8th of September was certainly composed "with lengthy and insincere circuitousness of words and sentences"; but it could hardly have been expected that a denunciation of those particular faults of style would issue from the Roman Chancery. The POPE is consistent with his uniform practice, if not with his complaints of unprovoked hostility, in refusing to recognise the Sovereign whom he calls the Piedmontese King, as KING of ITALY; and it is not a little surprising that Cardinal ANTONELLI should, in his Circular to the Papal representatives, repeatedly designate both the KING and the Kingdom by their proper titles. Cardinal CULLEN, too strictly orthodox to conform to worldly forms of courtesy, denounced the KING of ITALY, in his speech at Dublin, as the Sardinian usurper. In numbers, especially of priests, and in fervid unanimity, the Dublin meeting was conspicuously successful. If Rome could not count upon enthusiastic adherents in Ireland, the cause of the POPE would indeed be hopeless. Cardinal CULLEN and his associates, with other devotees to the Papacy, are thoroughly aware that their Church has suffered a heavy and perhaps a fatal blow. They are not simple enough to be consoled by the assurances of inconsistent Protestants that the deprivation of temporal dominion will increase the POPE's spiritual power. Rather they argue that territorial sovereignty is an indispensable part of the mechanism of the Church, though Cardinal CULLEN is perhaps imprudently candid when he declares that the

POPE has the same right to his States which any nobleman can allege to his own private estate. Modern prejudice is intolerant of a right of ownership conferring on kings an indefeasible title to the allegiance of their subjects. According to Cardinal CULLEN and the Roman Catholic newspapers the POPE's subjects are, in spite of the plébiscite, generally and profoundly loyal to their dethroned ruler. If the POPE's right is that of a proprietor, it matters little whether his tenants and dependents confirm an indisputable title by personal attachment. The POPE himself, in his Encyclical Epistle, deals directly with the French contrivance which was adopted to sanction his dispossession. The Italians, he declares, have perpetrated an atrocious crime in covering their sacrilegious spoliation "by the show and "comedy of a plébiscite." If Papal documents were always as plainspoken, their authors could no longer be accused of length and insincere circuitousness of words and sentences.

Cardinal CULLEN, as becomes his position, expresses unhesitating confidence in the future restoration of the POPE; and it would be difficult to dispute the soundness of the Cardinal's assertion that, "when all Catholic nations raise their voices in "favour of the HOLY FATHER, he will soon be restored to his "dominions, and resume that power which he has always "exercised with clemency and for the benefit of his people." Yet the Cardinal himself seems to be shaken in his confidence when he further expresses the belief that, "if Catholic princes "will not do their duty, other princes outside the Church "will take steps for the restoration of the temporal authority." An appeal to the King of PRUSSIA, himself a chief of heretics, indicates but a faint reliance on the pious zeal of Catholic sovereigns. Mr. GLADSTONE has lately explained how far the English Government is prepared to interest itself in the cause of the POPE. Measures have already been taken to secure in case of need his personal safety, and Mr. GLADSTONE professes in general terms a courteous desire that the POPE's spiritual independence should be maintained. With the rival Governments of Rome and the neighbouring territory England has no concern. Cardinals naturally deal with the future as freely as with history and with the present time, and perhaps a prophecy of the restoration of the POPE may be as trustworthy as a statement that GARIBALDI is a coward, or that URBAN VIII., who intrigued for the annexation of Ireland to Spain, loyally supported the Crown of England against CROMWELL and the Commonwealth. The lay speakers who echoed the Cardinal's opinions naturally quoted the numerous authorities which support the POPE's Temporal Power. It might not be difficult to explain the devotion of politicians such as THIERS and GUIZOT to an institution which Protestants have generally regarded as an abuse, and which the disciples of VOLTAIRE believe to be founded on a gigantic falsehood. Both classes of advocates of the Papacy are fully justified in believing that its influence for good or for evil will be greatly diminished by the abolition of the temporal sovereignty. The representation of Irish enthusiasm and rhetoric would not have been complete if the Very Rev. Mr. BURKE had not recommended the cause of the Holy See to the protection of the English Government by hints at the alternative of an Irish rebellion. If England, he said in substance, will not sympathize with the POPE, perhaps other nations will sympathize with Ireland. English statesmen would probably, on the whole, have preferred that the POPE should retain his dominions; but they will scarcely be tempted to declare war with Italy at the demand of clerical orators whose loyalty appears to be so faint and so dependent on circumstances. The POPE's complaint of a violation of public law would be more impressive if he had not also relied on a divine and transcendental title. Alone among temporal rulers he has for several years refused to acknowledge the Kingdom of Italy, and he has secured the protection of a foreign garrison which was a menace and affront to his neighbours. The plausible charge of a breach, by Italy, of the September Convention is sufficiently answered by the acquiescent silence of the French Government, which has the exclusive right of insisting on the performance of a covenant concluded only with itself. The Convention had been abandoned or suspended from the date of the battle of Mentana to the outbreak of the present war. When it became necessary to recall the French troops from Rome, the Italian Government, not wishing to profit by the difficulties of an ally, once more undertook to protect the Papal dominions against external aggression; but neither in 1867 nor in 1870 was the POPE a party to the Convention; and the present French Government has either expressly or tacitly released the King of ITALY from the performance of its obligations. If all the signatories of the Treaty of 1856 had assented to the release of Russia from the restrictions which it imposed, an invasion of Turkey would, like the occupation of

Rome, still be a violent act; but disregard of a treaty which on the supposition had ceased to be operative could scarcely have been denounced as perfidious.

Earnest Roman Catholics, when they happen not to be making or hearing speeches, are probably more deeply interested in the human probabilities of the restoration of the POPE than in the strongest demonstrations of the guilt of the King of ITALY. More unlikely events have happened; but at the present moment the prospects of the Holy See are not encouraging. It is possible that, after the close of the war, a Conservative French Government, inspired by the clergy, may contemplate a repetition of the expedition of 1849; but the enterprise would now be undertaken under more difficult conditions. OUDINOT was for a considerable time held at bay by the Triumvirate and by GARIBALDI, although auxiliary forces from Spain and Naples simultaneously attacked the Roman Republic. Before the French could again establish a garrison in Rome, they must defeat the Italian army, with the result of forcing Italy into the ranks of their enemies in any subsequent European struggle. The remaining Catholic Powers, since Bavaria has been merged in the German Federation, are Austria, Spain, and Italy itself. Cardinal CULLEN's assertion that the great majority of the Italians lament the misfortunes of the POPE is probably explained by the ecclesiastical habit of regarding the priests as the sole representatives and organs of the community. If the Italians really disapprove of the policy which has been not very readily adopted by the KING, they have nothing to do but to elect a Parliament which will give effect to their wishes by causing the Ministry to withdraw the Italian troops from Rome. If Italy were convinced of the error of her ways there would be no need to invoke the aid either of the Catholic world or of princes who stand outside the Church. The speech of the King of ITALY to the new Parliament appears to have been received with hearty approval by an Assembly fresh from contact with its constituents. In default of the repentance of Italy, the friends of the POPE can only look to Spain and Austria; and Austria has already expressed courteous regret at her inability to interfere with a measure which has been judged necessary by her Italian ally. Spain has just elected as King a son of the very potentate against whom the Church directs her thunders. During the discussion which preceded the voting for a King, one of the clerical party moved that the POPE's Encyclical should be read, for the purpose of proving that the Italian candidate's father had been subjected to the major excommunication. The Cortes received the motion with a universal burst of laughter; and the President quietly ruled that no document could be read unless it related directly to the election. It appears, therefore, that until some powerful State reverses its actual policy there is no chance that the POPE will be restored by external force. The domestic difficulties of the Italian Government are numerous and formidable, but it is not from the supporters of the Papal power that the monarchy has anything to fear. Cardinal ANTONELLI well knows that the overthrow of the excommunicated KING would deprive the Church of its last chance of predominance, and perhaps of toleration. Not the clergy, but the sect of MAZZINI, would succeed to the vacant inheritance; and perhaps, in the place of the complaisant LA MARMORA, GARIBALDI would transcend the paradoxes of mediæval mythology by announcing in St. Peter's that St. PETER never existed.

KEBLE COLLEGE.

IT will be matter of very great regret if the legal difficulties started on Wednesday in the Oxford Congregation prevent the important and interesting experiment under trial at Keble College from being carried through. There is a cause at work which keeps the English Universities from becoming national institutions to a far greater extent than does any sectarian exclusiveness. This is the unjustifiable and steadily increasing expence of a University education. We are so familiar with its costliness that it is only by witnessing the astonishment of foreign observers like the French Education Commissioners that we are brought to think it a monstrosity for lads in their teens, or just out of them, to be spending at Oxford or Cambridge, in little more than half a year, a fourth part of their parents' income. In putting it thus we probably understate the truth, for the great majority of young men at the Universities are sprung from the professional classes, and the cost of their education is defrayed out of capital or savings. For the greatest part of the outlay no return whatever is made to the parent. Eminent members of both Universities have established over and over

again, with affluence and even superfluity of proof, that an undergraduate need not spend at any College in Oxford or Cambridge (with one possible exception) more than a very moderate yearly sum. As a matter of fact, undergraduates habitually spend twice, thrice, or four times that sum, and the difference between the amounts represents expenditure which is in a certain sense unnecessary and is to a very great extent mischievous. There is no question of the cause to which this excess is attributable. It is the voluntary expenditure of young men which swells to such an amount the cost of a University education, if any folly can be called voluntary which is perpetrated in obedience to the tyranny of fashion. The simple truth is that a young man in his teens, unless exceptionally constituted, is quite as much the slave of fashion and opinion as a woman. The infirmity of mind which makes a lady deny herself healthful exercise by putting preposterous heels to her boots and by cultivating an attitude implying an inconvenient displacement of her centre of gravity, and which forces her to aggravate the nervous headaches which are the consequence of want of exercise by strapping a mass of jute or horsehair on the top of her head, afflicts the young of the male sex quite as commonly, and sometimes yet more seriously. The youth fresh from a school at which he submitted to painful punishment about the shins at football, and persuaded himself that he liked it, all out of deference to school custom, naturally does not oppose a very energetic resistance to University customs which do not call for any self-denial. What fashion is to a woman, the "thing" or the "correct thing" is to an undergraduate. Nothing but the sobriety of costume practised by the elders of his sex prevents his modelling his dress on the gorgeous style preserved by footmen. Little can be said against the long and thick dressing-gowns in which young men are just now parading the streets of Oxford and Cambridge on the score of inadequacy to keep out the cold, but their abominable ugliness renders it certain that their fathers will have to pay for a substitute next year. What in fact is wanted is protection of young men against themselves. That such protection has never yet been given is doubtless owing to the fact that the College authorities of the present day belonged for the most part during their undergraduateship to the working minority, but another reason may be found in the difficulty of making the beginning of a more rational system. Such a system was begun by Keble College a month or two since.

The expedients which are understood to have been resorted to at Keble College make one almost smile by their obviousness and simplicity. A great part of the expense incurred at Oxford and Cambridge is incurred at meals which are taken out of the sight of the authorities, and therefore out of their control. The Colleges contain some of the most magnificent banquetting-rooms in the world, but they are only used for dinners. No good reason can be assigned for this. It is not the ordinary practice of English families for the members to have breakfast and lunch in their bedrooms or studies, and to reserve the dining-room for only once a-day. The London bachelor takes as many meals at his Club as he can, and if he breakfasts at home it is because his Club is at a distance. Why then, at Oxford and Cambridge, is a magnificent dining-room close at hand kept shut nearly all day long, and why are undergraduates relegated to meals in their rooms, attended by the bird of prey called a scout or gyp, whose acknowledged interest it is to tempt his employer into profusion? Keble College applies the proper remedy by increasing the number of meals taken in common in the College Hall, and by a stern curtailment of the scout's opportunities and privileges. Another source of expense, allied to that which we have mentioned, is the silly persuasion of a good many young men at the Universities, that a College dinner, which is really as like as possible to an everyday Club dinner, is not sufficiently luxurious for a gentleman. The soup is not supposed to be hot enough, or the meat is badly cooked or badly carved. This foolish finery, which leads to serious expenditure on private dinners, is unfortunately to be explained in a great degree by the practice of maintaining a high table in the College Hall. Not only do the undergraduates, according to mediæval usage, sit "below the salt," but their dinner is as different from that of the Fellows (though it is not necessarily or even commonly a worse dinner) as if it were served in a separate room. Why a Fellow of five-and-twenty—which is nowadays a common age for a College dignitary—should not fill his plate from the same joint as an undergraduate of twenty, is a University mystery. We comprehend then that, taking youths as they are, an important improvement has been accomplished when we are told that at Keble College

the meals taken in Hall are really common to bursar, tutor, and undergraduate.

The abnegation, at Oxford and Cambridge, of the duty of watching and controlling private expenditure is the more surprising because the facilities for observing and checking it are unusually great. A young man cannot habitually ride or hunt without the fact being very shortly known to his tutor, who has a pretty accurate knowledge of the parentage of every undergraduate under his care, and who in nine cases out of ten can say whether a horse is a justifiable expense. And at Oxford, at all events, an article of use or luxury can no more pass the College gate and the porter's lodge without observation, than taxable commodities can be smuggled through the Custom House at the single port on an iron-bound coast. Among the reforms attributed to Keble College is a rule that all patent expenditure, such as riding, must be explained and justified to the authorities, as of course in many cases it can be. Another improvement is said to consist simply in taking advantage of the College gate and the porter's eyes. Why should trays from the pastrycook, hampers from the wine merchant, and framed engravings from the printseller, ever enter a College without being reported in the proper quarter? Keble College, we believe, furnishes itself the rooms of its undergraduates, and even undertakes the supply of wine and other luxuries; but every importation from outside has to be separately justified.

We earnestly trust that a new system which is recommended by common sense and the most elementary knowledge of male nature in its immaturity will be allowed a fair trial. The not very important legal difficulties about the affiliation of the College must of course be settled on their own merits, but we trust that the ecclesiastical jealousies which they mask will die away. If we do not accuse the Oxford Liberal party of something very like illiberality in this matter, it is because we know that they have suffered much small persecution from adversaries whose power is now on the decline, and because men who sincerely believe that sectarianism has denationalized the Universities may genuinely and not unintelligibly dislike the first step on a path which they fear may lead again to sectarianism. Yet, if one endurable concession can be made to the unquestionable national feeling in favour of religious education of a rather distinct kind, it might be supposed to consist in the toleration of Keble College. The College is connected with a particular set of Church opinions neither by statutes nor by subscriptions. The sympathies of the governing body, and its large powers of renovating its constitution, are the sole security for its maintaining any particular religious views. If it survives it will at most be in harmony, not with any shade of contemporary opinion, but with the forms corresponding from time to time to such opinion in the remote future—an essentially different thing. It is far less likely to inoculate the sister-Colleges with its religious than with its social principles. Its connexion with the University will ultimately bring home to the authorities the fact that a University education is for a large number of young men an elaborate training in bad habits; that self-indulgence and expensiveness are not necessary to lads of nineteen, and are heartily disliked by their parents; and that they can be all but eradicated by the simplest expedients.

THE WAR OF 1870.

XXI.

ONCE more there is a pause after a crisis of startling, indeed of pathetic, interest in this most singular of wars; and we are enabled to review with some distinctness the events which have apparently left the Germans, for the third time since the first blow was struck, completely masters of their enemies' fate. For the new Prince-Marshal of Prussia, no unworthy successor of the old hussar who once bore that honoured title, has come up to, and for the time being completely disposed of, that Army of the Loire gathered with such pains, disciplined with such severity, on which France had once more pinned her stricken hopes. And simultaneously with the noble effort at relief from the South, as no doubt arranged by the French commanders, Trochu has essayed his own movement from within Paris, and failed almost as decisively as D'AURELLE from without.

The delay of the latter in making his great attempt may have been due partly to the want of cartage which we have before adverted to, and partly to the state of the heavy roads which lay before him. But it was evidently chiefly necessary for the purpose of completing that concentration which the camp he had formed in the wooded heights to the north of

Orleans was used, as we last week pointed out, effectually to conceal. From his right especially he drew, under his new powers as Commander-in-Chief, reinforcements more than equal to the army of two corps with which he had gained his first success over VON DER TANN. The Eighteenth Corps, formed at Nevers; the Nineteenth, raised nearer the centre of France; the Twentieth, known hitherto as the Army of the East and now under CREUZOT, moved up to the front by the higher passages of the Loire, and made a right wing nearly 100,000 strong to his force, stretching through the well-wooded sandstone hills which run along the northern bank of the Loire from Orleans up to Châteauneuf. Surely the way in which these separate armies were got together with such secrecy (CREUZOT, for example, was believed by every one to be at Chagny, near the Saone, when he was really at Gien, on the Loire) does infinite credit to the French administration. About the 26th the army intended for the relief of Paris had been nearly got together, the Seventeenth Corps closing up to the rear of the left wing, and the whole mustered about 200,000 strong. It was only waiting apparently for some signal that TROCHU was ready to co-operate when it became partially engaged, by the force of circumstances, with the forces in its front.

These, too, were now concentrating to resist the attempt which VON MOLTKE had divined. After the false alarm of a movement on Paris by Dreux, which had drawn attention at Versailles, was dissipated by the Duke of MECKLENBURG's successes over the petty levies which had created it, that general's triumphant progress towards Le Mans was suddenly checked by orders directing him to return and close in upon the right of VON DER TANN, who lay isolated in front of the French camp. It had been discovered that D'AURELLE had not really moved, and it was either known or guessed that behind his screen of wood he was receiving large reinforcements to enable him to make a direct advance in overwhelming strength.

Whilst the Duke of MECKLENBURG drew in from the vicinity of Le Mans, and making some movements which served for feints of a direct advance on Tours, marched due eastward on Châteaudun, more important reinforcements still were on their way towards the other flank of VON DER TANN. The march of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES with the three corps set free from Metz was reported from day to day, and correctly enough, to be directed steadily on the passages of the Yonne, so as to cover all the country between Fontainebleau and the Loire with the head of his columns as soon as he got across the former stream. The Tenth Corps was the left or southernmost of the Prince's three columns, and had a less direct road than the Third and Ninth in their marches. In spite of every exertion it was the 21st before its advance guard came into position at Montargis, between the extreme right of the Army of the Loire and Paris. On the 23rd, having been directed to close in on the Third Corps, the leading brigade accomplished the junction near Beaune; but the rear-most had much difficulty in following next day, for the French right, being close to them, and discovering a movement along its front, advanced at right angles, taking them in flank, and but for the superior steadiness of the veterans of General VOIGTS-RHETZ, his men would have suffered severely in the affairs of Ladon and Maitzières. As it was, they made their way on to the rest of the corps at Beaune; but since they gave up in so doing the villages which had sheltered them in this difficult flank march, it was natural that the French were elated by a supposed advantage, which in a moral sense was a real one. Prince FREDERIC CHARLES had, however, now united his army. His right touched VON DER TANN's left towards Toury, and he only awaited the arrival of the Duke of MECKLENBURG on the other flank of the Bavarians to commence the attack.

Meanwhile the time had come when D'AURELLE was about to move from his intrenchments, and take the offensive on his side in the effort to relieve Paris. The first attempt to do this was made along the cross-road which leads direct from Orleans on Nemours through Beaune, now become the headquarters of the Tenth Corps; and the Eighteenth French Corps, which (apparently supported by the Twentieth) made the effort on the 28th, naturally came at once into collision with VOIGTS-RHETZ. The fight for the possession of Beaune was long and obstinate; but the Prince, arriving in person with half the Third Corps and the First Cavalry Division (said to be under HARTMANN), brought the balance to the German side, and beat off the French with the loss of between one and two thousand prisoners. His own loss was over a thousand men, and Beaune itself was so severely treated in the fight that it was found untenable afterwards, so

that the Germans abandoning it gave some colour to the claim of a victory made on the other side.

On the 29th and 30th there was a rest after this check of D'AURELLE's, but on Thursday, the 1st, that general, having received decisive intelligence of the struggle at Paris being begun, advanced his left wing to attempt on the west side of the Orleans-Artenay-Paris road what the right had failed in on the east; and thus began the series of severe actions which lasted all the rest of the week, and never wholly ceased until the French had lost Orleans once more. General CHANZY, with the Sixteenth Corps, was on his extreme left, supported by the Seventeenth, and General SONNIS (or SONNET), with the Fifteenth, filled the space between him and the Paris road. The former advanced according to orders, and attacked with great spirit the villages in front of him occupied by VON DER TANN's outposts, carrying them one after another, and advancing the French line so as to threaten next day to turn the centre of the enemy behind Artenay. But Prince FREDERIC CHARLES had at once sent orders to the Duke of MECKLENBURG to close in his right in support of the Bavarians, and directed that their united corps should take the offensive as soon as the movement was complete.

The fight westward of Artenay, which ensued on the morning of the 2nd, was decisive of the immediate fate of D'AURELLE's whole army. The Fifteenth Corps, heavily pressed, was soon thrown into confusion, and its chief, in attempting to rally it, was made prisoner, so that it yielded the piece of ground to the north of Artenay along the railroad which it had lately occupied, and in its retreat exposed the right of the Sixteenth Corps, which fell back with it. The Prince saw his advantage, and followed it up next day by advancing his centre, the Ninth and Third Corps, which struck at the French on the Paris and Pithiviers roads, and drove them back to their original position near the city, the Duke of MECKLENBURG at the same time pressing the left wing back on the intrenched villages, close to it, which General TRESKOW, with the Twenty-second Division, co-operating with the Bavarians, stormed on Sunday morning, with severe loss to the Germans.

Whilst the centre of D'AURELLE's army was thus driven into the camp before the city, the advance of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES on the Pithiviers road had cut in between them and the right wing, composed of the Eighteenth and Twentieth Corps. These were, therefore, forced into a separate retreat, and crossed the Loire higher up, at points considerably above the city. Similarly the Sixteenth and Seventeenth fell back on the old French line of advance on the north side of the Loire, as though retiring on Blois, and so became divided from the rest of the army. It is evident that D'AURELLE considered his position untenable on Sunday morning, though, at GAMBETTA's urgent instance, he made an effort to hold it. This, however, it proved impossible for him to do. The successes of the German right, under Generals TRESKOW and VON DER TANN, would have rendered the fall of the city certain, even had not a similar attack of the Ninth Corps, on the eastern side, carried the Prussians of MANNSTEIN into the railway station close to the place. After dark, the city was summoned, and yielded without further resistance by General PALLIÈRES, who had commanded D'AURELLE's centre, and now covered the retreat of the army as it filed over the river, leaving of course many prisoners, and all the heavy guns mounted to defend the camps, in the enemy's hands.

Before Paris the French fared hardly better than before Orleans in their offensive undertaking. This was designed for the evening of the 29th, and was to be made across the inward or northernmost of the two loops of the Marne which cover the south-east angle of the chain of forts between Nogent and Charenton. VINOT's corps was to make a diversion up the Seine on Choisy, whilst DUCROT himself, with RENAULT's, was to cross the Marne suddenly and drive back the Germans posted there, so as either to press forward in the direction of Fontainebleau, where it was hoped that D'AURELLE might be heard of, or at least cut for the time the Prussian communication with Versailles. Owing to a sudden flood upon the Marne, the main sortie had to be deferred until the morning of the 30th, and although the stream was rapidly crossed and the inward bend of the Marne successfully occupied up to its extremity, the Wurtemberg troops, supported by the Saxons and parts of the Second and Sixth Corps, gallantly resisted all attempts of DUCROT to get far beyond, so as to deploy on a larger front than the mile and a quarter allowed him by the loop. Indeed, as their reinforcements came up they naturally took the offensive, and recovered their ground to within rifle-range of the villages of Brie and Champigny, which mark its eastern end. The sortie of VINOT was a mere feint,

apparently to distract the attention of the Germans, and a gallant effort for the same purpose made from St. Denis on the northern side, with the assistance of a steamer, carried the French into the village of Epinal on the Seine, but only to cause reserve troops of the Fourth Corps to be brought up, and recover it before it was strengthened sufficiently for keeping. The losses on both sides this day were naturally heavy, and produced quietude on the 1st; but on the 2nd fighting was resumed at dawn by the attack of the Germans on the villages of Brie and Champigny. Although the Saxons carried the former by surprise, and the Wurtembergers made their way into part of the latter, it was found impossible to hold them under the crushing fire directed on them from the French works, and they were finally abandoned, and with them the attempt to reach Ducrot's bridges. But the French Generals now decided to abandon—for what reasons are not yet known—the attempt to break out at this point, and on the evening of the 3rd their troops were withdrawn from the left bank of the Marne altogether, and posted more to the north, about Vincennes. This, however, was done so openly as hardly to imply the intention of renewing the attack on that side.

Great as have been the disasters of the French at Paris and on the Loire, their want of success there was not owing to the same feebleness and uncertainty of action which has given Normandy and the North of France into the hands of the German corps under MANTEUFFEL. Relieved from his temporary detention about Soissons and Compiègne, that General advanced at once upon Amiens, as we last week described. Having driven out of the field the Army of the North (which FAIDHERBE, it seems, had not arrived to take charge of at the time of its defeat), MANTEUFFEL next advanced direct on Rouen, before which place the resistance of a loosely-handled body of Mobiles hardly served to detain his advanced guard. On the 5th the fine old city was in his hands, its would-be defenders having dispersed with the loss of some hundreds of prisoners, and without more than a dozen or two of the Germans being put *hors de combat*, whereas the battle before Amiens had cost GOEBEN'S corps thirteen hundred men, owing to the gallant stand made by a division of Marines. In the North the French have no other hope left them now than to detain German troops in that part by the resistance of the frontier fortresses, towards which FAIDHERBE has retired. Havre is already threatened by MANTEUFFEL, and its fall, as we write, unless BRIAND inspire his troops with a better spirit than they have yet shown, seems merely to be a question of days. The German operations will then have fairly begun to cripple the strong side of the French—their marine power.

Our chronicle of actual events is this week so long as to forbid our passing into reflections. There are, of course, some striking observations to be made on the crisis just passed through—a crisis to the Germans in a much more real sense than to their enemies—but these must of necessity for the present be deferred. For, as we write, we learn that the right wing of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES has followed up the retreat of the French left, and brought it to action on the ground between Meung and St. Laurent, where General CHANZY lay a month since, before D'AURELLE'S advance against the Bavarians, and which he now seeks to hold on the defensive, protecting his right by the Loire and his left by the Forest of Marchenoir. This he is reported to have done with success in some sharp skirmishes on the 7th, said at the date of our last news to be continued on Thursday. CHANZY has borne himself like a true soldier ever since the campaign on the Loire began, and it will surprise no one that he is selected to succeed D'AURELLE, whom GAMBETTA, somewhat over-hastily, has removed from the army he had formed, whilst BOURBAKI is sent back to that very command in the North of which he was not long since deprived. Of the rumours now floating of an armistice it is unnecessary to speak here.

PROGRESS.

IN the current number of *Fraser's Magazine* Mr. Froude indulges in some reflections upon Progress, which are interesting in themselves and appropriate to the time in which we are living. All men, indeed, who have souls a little above the current platitudes of the time, have been rather vexed by the constant repetition of fine phrases about Progress. What is Progress? Are we certain that Progress, whatever it may be, will continue indefinitely? And what are the grounds of the belief which we entertain? To two of these questions at least the demagogues of the time have an easy and satisfactory answer. They trouble themselves little as to the reasons of the faith that is in them, for reasoning is in many respects a very disagreeable and very useless process. If we can jump to a conclusion, why trouble ourselves by plodding through the dreary region which intervenes between our premises and our final inference? But of the fact itself, how-

ever it may be established, we are left in no doubt. Progress is continuous and unlimited, and is a change from bad to good. We are better than our fathers, and our children will be better than ourselves. They will be wiser, richer, kinder, purer, more honest and more learned. War, crime, and misery will die out; the conflict between classes will cease. One man will be as good as another, and women will be as good as men. Hence follows the ordinary recipe for being in advance of one's time. Find out which way things are moving, and there can be no doubt as to the wisest policy. It is as easy to become an enlightened statesman as to produce a straight line in a given direction. Discover what a Tory thinks and what a Whig thinks, and then place yourself as much in advance of the Whig as he is in advance of the Tory. Reformers in old times were for a ten-pound suffrage; the present generation was for household suffrage; the next will be for universal suffrage. Give a vote to every man, woman, and child, and you will be a sounder politician than Mr. Gladstone in the ratio which thirty millions bears to the number of our present constituency. We have recently knocked down a good many monopolies; we only have to be in favour of destroying those that remain. We have done away with many legal restrictions; let us do away with laws in general. We shall have thus reached the culminating point of political wisdom, and we may safely defy anybody to get far ahead of us.

And yet certain qualms intrude themselves upon the minds of all but the most blatant orators. Are we so clear that this mathematical formula for acquiring wisdom, this simple plan of constantly outbidding the last offer, will lead to any satisfactory result? Assuming, which is rather a large assumption, that the process is right as far as it goes, we shall some day be landed at the bottom of the hill by a general abolition of everything; and what is to be done then? Our formula will fail us, and the next step is not so perfectly clear. And then certain doubts begin to assail us even as to the perfectly satisfactory nature of previous changes. We have swept away much rubbish; is it not just possible that we may have swept away some very sound materials along with it? Possibly the process of reclaiming the hill will have to be commenced when we are satisfactorily landed at its foot; and we may have reason to regret that we did not stay quietly where we were. Mr. Froude, for example, suggests several points on which, whilst a change has unmistakably occurred, it is not plain at first sight that there has been progress. Though we differ widely from some of his conclusions, we may notice his statements as an illustration, if of nothing else, at least of the state of mind in which an intelligent man is landed by this ceaseless blowing of trumpets. What, he asks, are we to say to the agricultural labourer? Small estates, as we know, are swallowed up in great ones; if the land which used to be in common affords a larger gross income, the labourer gets none of the advantage; he is no longer able to keep his geese, his pig, or his cow; and, in short, whilst a few rich men have much greater means of enjoying luxurious refinement, the poor have "lost the faggot on their hearths, the milk for their children, the slice of meat at their own dinners." They are more dependent than ever on their superiors; whilst their superiors, who have developed from stupid squires into non-resident landlords of half a county, have a less intimate relation to the poor. The believer in progress may give up the agricultural labourer, but point out that the clergy at least have improved in activity and morality since the days of Parson Trulliber, and the indolent prelates who owed their promotion to political jobbery and left the Trullibers to disport undisturbed in their dioceses for months and years at a time. Even here Mr. Froude is sceptical as to our improvement. The clergy, he says, are divided by a wider gulf from the sympathies of their parishioners. The Establishment has less hold on the affections of the people. And one main cause is that the old faith has grown dim; the clergy have ceased really to believe in their creeds, and even "the most ardent Ritualist now knows at least that the ground is hollow under him." At any rate, the optimist will reply, education is advancing. True, says Mr. Froude, more people can read and write than formerly; book knowledge will by degrees be more widely spread; and book knowledge, as far as it goes, is a useful thing. But it remains to be seen whether it can supply the want of the more practical training received in old-fashioned days. The old English system was the apprentice system. Farmers, smiths, joiners, and shoemakers parcelled out the boys of a parish, and taught them how to shift honestly for themselves. They learnt at church that they were moral and responsible beings. We now propose to put a certain polish upon the rising generation; to give them a dose of elementary knowledge, but to turn them loose upon the world to pick up such practical training in life as may happen to come their way. They may be more knowing; but will they necessarily be honest, soberer, and more capable of making their way in a world where, now and always, five-sixths of us must depend upon steady manual labour? At least, replies Mr. Froude's antagonist, we have much more liberty; we have upset monopolies, and are fairly on the way to universal suffrage. Mr. Froude admits the facts, but does not so readily admit their beneficial tendency. The great question is not whether we have liberty, for authority must always divide the world with liberty, but whether the rules enforced by authority are in the main just or unjust. As for universal suffrage, it means that we are to entrust the choice of our governors to the class least capable of judging of their merits. Nobody really supposes that a wide suffrage will give us a wiser Parliament. It comes to this, that we cannot trust anybody to attend to any one's interest except his own; and it is, therefore, in substance "a public confes-

sion of despair of human nature." Competitive examination means that we prefer to have officials chosen by a method which we all know to be inferior to the system of disinterested personal appointment, because we despair of any one ever using his power from higher motives than private or party interest. The choice of a Legislature by universal suffrage means in the same way that we have no leaders whom we can trust to do their duty; and that we would rather have incompetent rulers who are slaves to their constituents than competent rulers who would be sure to oppress them. It can hardly then be regarded as a cause for unmingled exultation.

There is scarcely one of the opinions which we have roughly attempted to summarize to which a more or less satisfactory answer might not be set up. We do not care, however, to attempt to distinguish between the sound sense which is apparent in some of them and the hasty assumptions which might be detected in others. We refer to the article merely as a specimen of the kind of charges which are advanced with some plausibility by one class of speculators. To sift the evidence by which they are supported, and to return a satisfactory verdict as to their value, would require an investigation for which few people are really competent. The mere fact that such an investigation is required is enough to convict our popular talkers about progress of extraordinary rashness. Every one of Mr. Froude's arguments may be fallacious, and all his facts uniformly wrong; the numerous additional arguments and facts which are sometimes alleged on the same side may be equally wide of the mark; but, at least, the people who declaim most loudly on the subject are not in a position to say so. They may be right by accident, as any man who utters a confident prediction may be right, but certainly they have not the gift of inspired prophecy, and they are obviously unable to satisfy the conditions required for a scientific prediction.

The explanation, indeed, of their confidence is obvious enough. The enormous progress of knowledge, of material wealth, and of our command over the forces of nature, is admitted and palpable. The inference that there is a corresponding progress in the morality and in the material welfare of the community at large is so natural that people do not take the trouble to inquire whether it is legitimate. Anybody who undertakes that inquiry will find himself called upon to solve many problems of extraordinary intricacy, and with constantly insufficient data. Even if we assume that experience extending over wide ranges of time proves that mankind advances on the whole, there can be no such certainty as to any particular period. There have been times of decay and disorganization as well as of rapid growth. Heights have been reached, in distant ages, which we are now unable to attain. Greek art, to mention the most obvious example, is the despair of all its modern rivals; and indeed the great periods of art recur so irregularly and are separated by such wide intervals of depression that, if it be possible to discover any law to which they conform, it is certainly not a law of uniform or continuous progress. There have been long periods during which mankind was occupied in forgetting what it formerly learnt. There have been extensive districts in which civilization has perished from off the face of the earth. The general presumption, therefore, whatever may be its value, will not prove without further inquiry that our own age or country is not one of the many exceptional cases. We can find many symptoms of decay if we choose to look for them. The growth of masses of pauperism alongside of vast accumulations of wealth, the growth of corruption in the most advanced democratical countries, and many similar developments, are obvious grounds for moderating our enthusiasm. Some of the principal changes quoted on the other side are doubtful in fact or ambiguous in tendency. We have received a rude shock to the theory of the gradual extinction of war; and to some thinkers it seems that the substitution of gentler measures for the old rough modes of physical force indicates an effeminacy of national constitution, a preference for material comfort over motives of a more spiritual order, which renders the change of doubtful benefit.

To discuss the question of fact would, of course, be impossible. We need only add the remark that, whether progress is real or imaginary, a belief in it is highly useful. If a change is inevitable, it may be as well that many people should consider it to be beneficial; it certainly makes things pleasanter, and it encourages the only sound policy, that of accepting unavoidable results and making the best of them instead of simply denouncing them. Even if men were sinking steadily from bad to worse, it might no less be our duty to soften the process, but we should set about it with little heart when we recognised our destiny. Society may be going through a process of pulverisation, and thus suffering great temporary evils, as a necessary preliminary to a reconstructive process, or it may be steadily advancing from one improvement to another. It is in any case as well that most people should regard the immediate change as good in itself, inasmuch as it is a necessary change, and they would be incapable of being animated by a more distant prospect of advantage.

THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

IN spite of all the ill omens that threatened a month or two ago, England has escaped the disgrace of being left out of what promises to be the most important Eclipse Expedition that has yet been seen. But the country has saved her honour in the world of science only by the strenuous exertions, at and almost after the eleventh hour, of a small body of energetic worshippers

of natural science. By a series of unaccountable blunders it seemed not long ago that the Government and the great leaders of scientific thought were equally indifferent to the grandest opportunity for making a great advance in solar physics that has presented itself for many years. Like a good many other astounding facts, this supposed default had no real existence. So far from regarding with cynical unconcern the aspirations of philosophical inquirers, the Ministers showed themselves ready, at the first moment that they learned what was wanted, to give every possible assistance to the proposed expedition. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Stansfeld set aside all pedantic rules of red tape, and volunteered the requisite funds on a mere verbal intimation, without insisting on the formal application which would have wasted the scanty time then left for preparation. Mr. Childers was equally prompt in the supply of ships for the crew of investigators, and Mr. Gladstone himself heartily backed up his subordinates in all that they had promised. Nor was there less resolution shown by the men of science. By their own simplicity and ignorance of ordinary mundane affairs our sun-worshippers had suffered the loss of precious months, in which the organization of their expedition ought to have been perfected. When at length it was ascertained, as it might have been ascertained long before, that the Government was prepared to do its part in a liberal and cordial spirit, there remained but a few weeks in which to arrange the manifold details of the expedition. It seemed almost beyond hope that the work should be completed in time, but it was determined that what could be done should be done. An Organizing Committee was instantly formed, with the Astronomer-Royal and the President of the Astronomical Society at its head, and with the well-known names of Stokes and Lockyer, De la Rue and Huggins, among others, on the list of members. They had no light task before them. The stations had to be selected; observers had to be collected and assigned to their several parties and their appropriate work; the less practised had to be trained for the special duties of the occasion; instruments without number had to be designed and manufactured; the arrangements of the journey had to be made; and, last in importance perhaps though not least in trouble, it was needful to pacify discontented aspirants and to repress the ardour of ambitious tiroes. Somehow or other the Committee managed to get through its work. Thanks mainly to a free use of the telegraph, the personal arrangements were all completed in time for the start. The selection of the chiefs in charge of the various parties was, among so many good workers, a difficult and delicate matter; but the final decision can scarcely fail to give satisfaction, and ensure valuable results. Mr. Perry takes one troop of observers to Cadiz; Captain Parsons heads the expedition to Gibraltar; Mr. Huggins is in charge of a body of very varied acquirements, including Professor Tyndall and Admiral Ommaney, who will take an excellent station at Oran; and Mr. Lockyer leads a strong force of observers to Sicily, where they work in co-operation with the American *savans*. One name sadly suggested itself to every one who was interested in the investigation. M. Janssen was shut up in Paris, and the Committee resolved to stir heaven and earth, or at any rate King William and Count Bismarck, to get him out. Their overtures promised to be successful, when they were anticipated by an equally determined effort of the scientific men of Paris. Before the requisite permission to pass the Prussian lines had been obtained, M. Janssen had been committed to the air in a balloon, and it is hoped he will turn up, probably in Sicily, to work side by side with his friendly rival in solar discovery.

But a mob of observers is no more a scientific force than a mob of men with muskets is an army, and the Committee had next to frame their programme of the contemplated attack upon the mysteries of the sun, to give to each man the necessary instructions for his special department of work, and to furnish to all the precise instruments that were needed for the duty to be performed. After very slight difference of opinion it was resolved to concentrate the whole effort of the combined expeditions on the solution of the problem of the corona, which was never attacked until the recent American eclipse, and which still remains an inscrutable mystery. Much, very much, has been done in the investigation of the now familiar chromosphere which immediately surrounds the bright photosphere of the sun, and what remains to be discovered in this region can be made out almost as well without as with the presence of the eclipsing moon. But the corona is invisible except during an eclipse, when it surrounds the sun with a vast zone of light, compared with which the chromosphere is but an attenuated ring. So little do we know of the origin of this phenomenon, that the primary objects of the proposed observations are to ascertain whether it is an appendage of the sun or an accident of the earth's atmosphere, and whether it shines by inherent or reflected light. In the hope of solving this problem three great classes of observers have been formed. One set is composed of practised artists, who will take as many rapid eye-sketches of its form as the minute or two of the duration of totality will allow. Another body will attack the quality of the light with the aid of various forms of polariscope. The men who are detailed for this duty have been assiduously trained by Professor Stokes, who has spent all the leisure which was not occupied by the numerous meetings of the Committee in giving special lectures on the subject, both at Cambridge and in London. To a third division of the scientific force the important duty of making spectroscopic observations has been allotted, and many of these have been trained under the guidance of Mr. Lockyer at the College of Chemistry, the resources of which Dr. Frankland placed at

their disposal. Other sections of parties, besides a special independent expedition organized by Lord Lindsay, will devote themselves to photographic observations, with all the improved appliances which have recently been added to the resources of this art.

The weapons, no less than the men, had to be specially provided for the occasion, and, under the immediate direction of Professor Stokes and Mr. Lockyer, a great supply of novel instruments has been manufactured, with astonishing rapidity, by Mr. Browning, Mr. Bekker, and Mr. Sims. The arrangements for polariscopic observation, designed by Professor Stokes, promise to be most effective, and among the novel adjuncts of the spectroscope is a new scale of a beautifully ingenious character, planned by Mr. Lockyer. One great difficulty of identifying the precise lines seen for a few seconds during an eclipse—a difficulty which was seriously felt in the last Indian observations—has generally arisen from the want of an exact scale to place side by side with the spectrum of the object observed. This is now secured by bringing into the field of view the spectrum of a hydrogen tube, rendered incandescent by the electric spark passing between poles containing iron, sodium, and magnesium. This gives a series of bright lines corresponding to the principal lines of the chromosphere, and in which confusion is avoided by the varying amplitudes of those due to the different materials. A very great increase of exactness is hoped for the use of this elegant contrivance.

The time occupied by the journey, and the preliminary days that will be spent at the stations, will afford ample facilities for concerting the action of the members of each party; but that no means should be neglected, a very carefully prepared paper of instructions has been for the last week in the hands of all the observers, detailing the precise points to which they are to direct their attention, and the exact methods by which they may best utilize the brief moments available for work.

That the Organizing Committee worked, for love of science, almost day and night since they undertook their task is what no one who has the faintest familiarity with matters of this kind needs to be told; and it is a whimsical illustration of the mistakes into which the best of us may be led by the plausible stories of disappointed men, to find in so excellent a journal as the *Daily News* an article attacking the Organizing Committee in terms of equal impetuosity and generality for neglecting the very duties which they have so successfully performed. The fact, however, remains, that under every disadvantage this Committee has organized the Eclipse Expedition of 1870 with a completeness that has never been approached on any former occasion. If the observing parties are but favoured by the weather, we cannot doubt that the fruits of the Expedition will be as abundant as the untiring zeal and labour bestowed upon it have deserved.

LIBERAL AND ULTRAMONTANE CATHOLICISM.

THE Vatican Council, with the still pending contest to which it has given rise, has forced on public attention with a quite novel distinctness the contrast of the two divergent tendencies which have long been going on within the limits of the Roman Catholic Church. At the present moment Ultramontane and Liberal Catholics are naturally discriminated as believers or disbelievers in Papal infallibility, and to a superficial observer this may seem to be not only a correct, but an exhaustive account of the matter. The division, however, is much older and wider than the particular controversy which has recently brought it into prominence, and cuts deeper than any theological or historical argument about the language of Pope Honorius or the authority of the Council of Constance. It was observed to be a constant source of weakness to the episcopal minority at Rome that they had no common and acknowledged standard of principle to refer to. In other words, many, perhaps most, of them did not at all adequately recognise the full import of the controversy in which they were engaged. The Liberal Catholic movement in Europe has in fact attracted to itself men of very various intellectual characters and antecedents, and is a phenomenon which can only be appreciated by examining what is at bottom the principle of cohesion among the somewhat incongruous elements out of which it is constituted, and the principle of antagonism between its supporters and their rivals. It may be worth while to turn for a moment from the din of the pending controversy about infallibility and the Vatican Council to inquire what gives the question its real importance, and on what sort of considerations the decision must ultimately hinge. And in order to do this, we must inquire into the true significance, apart from particular controversies, of the movement which has been called Liberal Catholicism.

We speak advisedly of a movement rather than of a party, for a party must have recognised leaders, and something at least of a common policy and organization based on the pursuit of definite aims. But it would be very difficult to say what particular set of opinions are held in common by men so diverse in antecedents, temperament, and sympathies as, among those already lost to us, Lacordaire and Montalembert; and, among the living, men like Gratry, Tosti, Passaglia, Liverani, Hefele, Kuhn, Dollinger, Darboy, Father Hyacinthe, Lord Acton, and, last but not least, Dr. Newman, who may nevertheless be identified by a certain community in the scope and tendency of their principles, as among the most prominent representatives in their respective countries of the movement to which we are referring. Nor are

they always consistent with themselves. Count Montalembert's repeated avowal of very liberal views was hard to reconcile with his equally unqualified assertion, nearly to the last, of the Pope's temporal claims; while his vehement exultation at the triumph of the Federal cause in America was a strange sequel to his enthusiastic sympathy for Poland. Still less can the illustrious persons we have named be said to have attempted anything like party leadership or combined action, or even now to be marshalling their followers for the prosecution of a common policy, though they are naturally looked up to with deference, especially in their own country, by those among their co-religionists who substantially accept their principles. Dr. Newman cannot be called the leader of a Liberal, as neither can Archbishop Manning be precisely called the leader of an Ultramontane, party among English Roman Catholics, but they are of course regarded by the Liberal or Ultramontane members of their communion, as the case may be, as their natural representatives and guides.

When we speak, therefore, of the Liberal movement in Catholic Europe we are speaking not so much of an organized party as of a tendency, or an influence which is making itself widely felt, and which has served to form or materially to affect the tone of the most thoughtful, independent, and intellectual minds, rather than of any organized combination for the promotion of particular views, or the attainment of some common end. And this makes it far from easy to lay down any test of general application for discriminating the Liberal from the Ultramontane sections of Catholicism. It is of course notorious that all Roman Catholics who are *bonâ fide* members of their Church are agreed in the acceptance of certain doctrines, and in the recognition of such duties as flow immediately from them. But beyond this there is room for almost infinite diversities of opinion; and perhaps we should not be far wrong in saying that, while Liberals are disposed to limit the infallible authority of their Church, with Dr. Newman, to points of faith defined by Ecumenical Councils, or clearly ascertained by the universal consent of the Church scattered over the world, Ultramontanes have all along been eager to ascribe to all Papal utterances, such as the Syllabus of 1864 or the Munich Brief, an infallibility practically equal to that of the Apostles' Creed. Such at least is the avowed teaching of what has been the sole Quarterly organ of English Roman Catholics since the self-immolation of the too short-lived *Home and Foreign Review*. Still on this point, as on the temporal power, there are gradations of opinion in both camps. Passaglia, the strenuous advocate of Italian unity, was, and perhaps still is, an unflinching champion of the extremest spiritual claims of the Papacy—probably a result, in his case, of his former Jesuit training. But the real root of the vital difference between Liberal and Ultramontane Catholics lies not so much in detailed peculiarities of opinion as in their different way of looking at questions both speculative and practical, their opposite principles of action and belief. One party would ultimately refer to a moral or scientific, while the other would recognise none but a theological, standard. The two are indeed in one sense coincident, for a true theology and a true science or morality cannot conflict with each other; but there is often an apparent discrepancy, and here one party would appeal to an assumed theological authority, while the other would fall back on the supremacy of conscience. Thus, for instance, Liberals would argue that, whatever the importance of dogmatic belief, a conformity procured or maintained by other than moral means, whether through intellectual trickery or the imposition of legal or social disabilities, is itself worthless and immoral. An Ultramontane, on the other hand, would consider it a duty to adopt, where possible, whatever methods of intellectual or physical repression were required for the adequate attainment of so important a result. The same difference of principle crops out in opposite systems of education. The one, of which the Jesuits were the originators, and which they carried on for a long period with eminent success throughout a great portion of the Continent, would secure the allegiance of its disciples by keeping them always in leading-strings, stimulating the faculties up to a certain point, but carefully excluding all knowledge that might be suggestive of doubt, and crushing vigorously every germ of individuality; its highest ideal is to perpetuate the innocence of childhood. There is much in this scheme congenial to French habits of mind; the individual, whether boy or man, is regarded there chiefly as part of a vast organic whole, in which he must be fitted to play his proper part; and accordingly, the external discipline of a French Government Lycée differs little from that of a Jesuit seminary, except, of course, as omitting the religious element. M. Duruy's famous boast, that he could look at his watch and know that at the same moment the boys in every Government college were learning the same lesson, reflected the very spirit of the Ignatian rule. Accordingly it is not wonderful that even now the Jesuits should have a certain success as educators in France, whereas it is difficult to conceive of their system, even if the national religion were Roman Catholic, being other than a failure in England. For the English, or, as we may here call it, the Liberal idea of education, to which Dr. Newman has emphatically announced his adhesion in his "University Lectures," is precisely the reverse of what we have been describing. It regards the individual, whether boy or man, not chiefly as the component part of a vast mechanism, ecclesiastical or national, but as an independent being whose mind is not to be dwarfed, or warped, or cowed into submission, but trained to energy and self-reliance; who should only be suffered to lean upon others till he has learnt to walk by himself, and whose faith is to be preserved, not by

keeping out of his hands all books that have not passed the ordeal of an *Index Expurgatorius*, but by so developing and directing his moral and intellectual faculties that he may be able to exercise a wise judgment, to refuse the evil and choose the good.

Another way of stating the point of departure between the two great parties or tendencies we are considering would be to say that the one made *principles*, the other *interests*, the supreme criterion of what ought to be said or done. Here again there is at bottom no real distinction, for the highest principle is also in the long run the truest interest, both of individuals and societies, and in this sense the proverb which says honesty is the best policy may be taken as true; but the coincidence is not always apparent on the surface. Whether, to take a familiar instance, it would have been most for the immediate interests of the Roman Catholic Church for the Pope to retain his temporal sovereignty, is a matter on which opinions are divided as well among Catholics as Protestants; but if his government could only be carried on in defiance, as Mr. Gladstone once said in Parliament, of "the principles of natural justice," no Liberal Catholic would allow any alleged interests to justify its maintenance. This contrast has been perhaps most strikingly illustrated in the opposite treatment of history, especially ecclesiastical history, by such writers as Rohrbacher and even Bellarmine on the one hand, and Döllinger or "Janus" on the other. For there, without actual falsehood—and many writers do not stop short of that—an immediate controversial interest may be often most effectively promoted by that *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri* from which only a strict loyalty to the supreme obligations of principle can secure a writer whose sympathies are warmly enlisted on either side. And it is obvious that a difference of view on this point will be the fruitful source of opposite judgments and lines of action in the details of ordinary life. The only philosophical basis of Ultramontanism, though it is seldom avowed, and probably often unperceived, is the immoral theory of a difference in kind between divine and human morality, which a distinguished Oxford divine of our own day has been understood to advocate as the great safeguard against rationalism.

The different attitude in dealing with those mixed questions where religion touches on the domain of science or politics, suggested by an Ultramontane or a Liberal conception of Catholic principle, is too obvious to require being dwelt upon. Those who regard Papal absolutism as the normal condition of the Church would naturally find despotic government in the State most congenial to their taste, so long as it is not used, as in Russia, against Catholic interests; while upholders of the constitutional theory of ecclesiastical administration could scarcely fail to be the advocates of civil freedom. One party would desire to fence round the Church with a rampart of statutable privileges, while the other would welcome, or certainly would not regret, such a silent revolution as that which, for instance, during the last half-century has gradually transferred the influence of the Church of England from a political to a moral basis. Nor could any jealousy be felt towards the unrestricted development of historical or physical science by men who sought no other defence for their belief than the evidence of its truth. Recent events have, of course, done much to define the antithesis between the two parties more sharply and bring it more prominently into view. The opposite principles have long been struggling in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, like the unborn babes in Rebekah's womb; but the fundamental character of the difference is often more obvious to bystanders than to those actually engaged in the conflict. The particular point at issue may seem at first sight to be a matter turning wholly on abstruse theological arguments, and may often be so regarded by the disputants themselves. But as the controversy proceeds, it will be clear, as in the existing dispute on Papal infallibility, that other issues are ultimately involved. The conflict is sure to be one not of details, but of principles, which underlie the whole structure of the moral and intellectual life.

THE NEWEST FASHION IN WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

WE find in the current number of the *Victoria Magazine* a paper on the Association of the Sexes in Education, which was read at the last meeting of the Social Science Congress at Newcastle, and which we hope the hearers of it understood. As we are not members of the Association, and are only moderately addicted to the study of social science, we ought perhaps to feel regret rather than surprise that we do not understand this paper. The author predicts that one result of the association which he proposes of the sexes in education would be a great improvement in the moral nature of women, "taking the word moral in its only true and truly great sense." If we could only find out this true sense of the word moral, we should perhaps be on the road to discover much that is at present hidden from us. Female morality, says the author, is but a very poor and shabby thing compared to what might and should be. This, says the author, is a subject of much delicacy; and here we entirely agree with him. It is difficult to suggest any possible meaning of his words except that female morality which is not poor and shabby is the thing which would have been called, in the benighted age before social science was invented, immorality. "Remember," says he, "the parable of the talents." The application of that parable to this discussion might have been compared by old-fashioned people to the Devil's use of Holy Writ. But the Devil has been abolished long ago. A woman who has not been moral

in the only true and truly great sense is supposed by this writer to be under the necessity of saying at the Day of Judgment, "Lord, behold, here is my pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin." We never heard before of comparing a woman's virtue to a pound, although we have heard that a rural sculptor compared a virtuous woman on a tombstone to a five-shilling piece. If a woman is not to be allowed to keep her virtue in a napkin, we ask in all perplexity what she is to do with it? The further application of Scripture to the question looks to our uninstructed eyes rather diabolical. To send the money to the exchangers, so that the owner may receive it back with usury, would be a proposal savouring, we will not say of vice, but of a new and peculiar kind of virtue. "I do not believe," says this writer, "that a polygamist would call a monogamist virtuous, and I am very sure that a female monogamist would regard a female polygamist (if I may be allowed, for the sake of simplicity, to use an incorrect expression) as a very vicious person."

We have quoted this passage because we think that it may help towards understanding what the author means by a woman who is virtuous in the only true and truly great sense. We fear, however, that the explanation thus obtained is only *obscurum per obscurius*. If indeed we might be allowed, for the sake of simplicity, to use a highly incorrect expression, we should suggest that by a female polygamist the author meant a woman who took her wares to market. "A female monogamist" probably means a married woman who, until better instructed by this author, had a tendency to regard "a female polygamist" as a vicious person. By the help of social science, however, she will begin to perceive that that which she had been used to call vice is really a more vigorous kind of virtue. Is there virtue, asks the author, in frivolity, in inaction, in utter uselessness? and for this have we been born into the world? "I am told that a woman who spent all her days at home in dressing her hair might be a perfectly virtuous lady. . . . I have heard that some who have never been accused of one single warm, generous instinct are the perfection of virtue." He asks whether this can be so? Is this noble word capable of being so defiled? The word virtuous, says he, applied to a woman, means a different thing from the same word applied to a man. At this point of the discussion we almost fancy that we understand the author. The word virtuous, applied to a woman, has become almost synonymous with chastity; but as applied to a man, although it includes, or ought to include, the idea of chastity, yet this would not be the idea which the word would primarily suggest. Now it appears that the author complains of this use of the word virtuous. He doubts whether the word, as applied to a woman, represents anything more than "a mere negation." He suspects that it means only "a fashion in morality." We can only say that, if chastity is a fashion in morality, we hope it may be more enduring among women than crinoline or golden hair. No doubt chastity is a negation, or "a mere negation," if you choose to call it so. "Thou shalt not steal" is a negation which we had been used to think was of a very important kind, but perhaps we were mistaken. The author quotes in the next page from Mr. Ruskin, who with "splendid eloquence" has said something which appears to us to make confusion worse confounded. Mr. Ruskin, if we may venture to translate splendid eloquence into plain prose, complains that a woman makes herself happy in her home instead of thinking of the misery which lies beyond it. But even Mr. Ruskin does not go so far as to propose that the woman should abandon her home and exchange her happiness for misery. It would be as reasonable to propose that nobody in England should eat fat beef because the Parisians are feeding upon lean horseflesh. But the author cannot endure the spectacle of virtue with even the small amount of patience which Mr. Ruskin is able to exercise when he contemplates happiness in woman. "You women who make virtue of the napkin type your boast, do you know that there are hundreds and thousands of your own sex perishing that you may adorn yourself with this hollow title?" Here perhaps the author only means that women ought not to content themselves with avoiding evil, but should strive also to do good. This, however, is a very old doctrine which does not gain by being set forward in this new and strange way. The denunciation of virtue of the napkin type, and of a fashion in morality "the product of a certain time, place, and civilization," sounds to unaccustomed ears rather alarming. Virtue which is not of the napkin type is capable, to say the least, of exhibiting itself in more than one variety. There is the virtue which agitates for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act, and which demands that sex shall be disregarded by lecturers on anatomy, and there is the virtue which Mr. Boucicault has exemplified in the character of a lady who might have been described as "a female polygamist" if the expression had been invented when the play called *Formosa* was produced. We wish that the Duke of Northumberland, who presided at the Newcastle Congress, could have informed us of the place which in his view "a female polygamist" occupies in social science. We suspect that the Duke would have concurred with "the female monogamist" who, as the author tells us, regards the female polygamist as a very vicious person, and perhaps he would have reckoned her, along with universal suffrage and vote by ballot, as a product of that fountain of perennial evil, the French Revolution of 1789.

We have spoken of the author of this paper as a man, because a name apparently masculine is prefixed to it. But perhaps we shall be told that there is, or ought to be, no such distinction as that between male and female names. We are indeed quite

prepared to hear that this distinction is an evil second only in importance to that of the separation of the sexes in education. The students of Edinburgh University think that this separation is advantageous, but perhaps if they read this paper, and can understand it—which we cannot—they may be brought to acknowledge that the separation is a “terrible evil.” The author appears to consider that if girls and boys learned the three Rs together, there would be more sympathy between men and women. Here we should like to inquire whether the author contemplates that the process of learning should be stimulated by the application to both girls and boys of the same quantity and quality of flagellation? To have been punished by the same hand must surely be a strong bond of sympathy in afterlife. And we should further desire to be informed whether girls and boys are to read together in the classic poets of the loves of the Gods? And then again are there to be mistresses as well as masters, or sometimes in place of masters, at the great schools? We are getting used to many novelties, but a Head-Mistress of Westminster, sitting in the chair and wielding the birch of Busby, would still be what Mr. Swiveller calls a staggerer. One object of all these changes appears to be that a man engaged in business may enjoy “the inestimable advantage” of consolation and advice from his mother, wife, or sister. “There is nothing more discouraging to a struggling man than the little interest felt in his avocation by female relations.” We cannot help thinking that this author’s acquaintance must have lain among women whose sympathy, like their virtue, was of the napkin type. This association of the sexes in education would promote happiness in marriage. But the author deems it necessary to protest that he is not enamoured, as some are, of marriage as a cure for all social evils. “I do not judge it right to unite for ever two persons utterly dissimilar as some do.” Indeed, an author who contemplates “female polygamy” without apparent dissatisfaction can scarcely be expected to hold strong views as to the indissolubility of the marriage bond. He would rather seem to approve of making a matrimonial engagement terminable upon notice by either side. Nevertheless, he desires to make marriage happy while it lasts, and he argues that there cannot be affection without similarity of thought, nor similarity of thought without association in education. He admits that popular opinion is against him on a cardinal point of his theory, but he does not care for that. He assumes that “like to like” is the basis of happiness in marriage, and he proposes to produce it by educating both sexes at the same schools.

Of all compositions perhaps the most absurd are the speeches and writings of men in support of what are called the rights of women. Miss Faithfull writes intelligibly herself, but some of the male contributors to her Magazine seem to have rather lost their heads. This new craze of association in education is, if possible, more senseless than any that have preceded it. “It is among the poorer classes,” says this author, “that the most openly revolting instances occur of the shameful of forcibly keeping persons apart, and then forcibly keeping them together.” It does not seem to occur to this writer that there might be a shameful of a revolting kind in keeping boys and girls together at the same school. But the sect to which he belongs is thoroughly unpractical. Its blindness is equal to its fanaticism.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Smithfield Club Cattle Show which has been held this week cannot have failed to suggest to the minds of a large proportion of the spectators the contrast at the present time in the condition and circumstances of the two great capitals of Western Europe. It would be impossible to turn from the accounts, vague as they are, which reach us at short intervals, hinting at, rather than describing, the lack of supply of animal food in Paris, and then to read the minute criticisms and comparisons of the points of the fatted animals brought together in competition at Islington, without shuddering at the fate of the unhappy Parisians; and, while none the less discontented with the dimensions and sums of our own butchers’ bills, without congratulating ourselves that at any rate there is with us no lack of food, whatever the price may be that we have to pay for it. And such reflections, and the instruction we receive from the learned in these matters, to the effect that such shows tend to the cheapening of food and economy of production by the rivalry they produce amongst breeders in selecting the meat-producing races for propagation, may restrain our impatience at being called on year after year to view what after all is a somewhat monotonous sight. To the initiated, to the breeder, to the feeder, to the butcher or salesman, it is all a pure matter of business. They scrutinize keenly, and pronounce what points of excellence are due to pedigree and blood, and what are produced by the grazer’s skill. They have keen satisfaction in judging the judges; and this year, so far as some classes of the cattle are concerned—whether rightly or wrongly it is not our province here to decide—their judgment appears greatly at variance with the verdict of the majority of the skilled spectators; and as the judges, unless they are very foolish men, never give reasons for their decisions, and as the critics are very free in giving theirs, the judges have been having rather a hot time of it among the unsuccessful exhibitors. But in such competitions, as in matters of law, it is always the glorious uncertainty as to the result which adds so greatly to the excitement of those who embark in the

contest. And while the winners have the solid rewards of success, the losers are not without a certain solace in the sympathy they get from their friends, and the sense of the martyrdom they suffer from the supposed injustice of the award. But leaving these interested classes aside, and they are easily recognisable, it always puzzles us, and always will, to account for the interest taken in the Show by the ordinary Londoner. He does not profess to any knowledge of the points of the ox, or of the sheep, or of the pig, yet he deems it part of his duty in life to go to the Cattle Show. That he should be found at the Horse Show is intelligible, because, apart from the fact that every Englishman is well known to be born a profound judge of the points of a horse, there is the movement of the horses in the ring; and however repulsive an exhibition it may be to the true lover of the horse and of horsemanship, there is, what is always dear to the many, the excitement of the jumping “trials,” and the hope of the sensation to be got from seeing the neck of some unhappy rider in the crowd of the ring broken by a fall. At a cattle show all this is lacking, and we cannot understand the annual interest evinced by the great London public in mountains of flesh which to them must be much the same in one year as in another.

It is a somewhat curious thing that the Parisians should have been driven as a matter of necessity to depend on horseflesh as their main animal food, so soon after they invented, as it were, the eating of it. Even what seemed at the time to be the folly of the hippophagists, and which afforded us all so much amusement, has had its use in familiarizing the population with the value of horseflesh as wholesome and palatable human food, a food which otherwise might have been scorned with disgust. And it is impossible to predict what may be the result of this involuntary consumption of horseflesh. If a name less suggestive of food for hounds could be found, it might do much to reconcile us to the use of it when beef and mutton are beyond our reach. A taste may have been created in Paris which will keep up the demand even after the unhappy circumstances which originated it have passed away. Travellers may introduce the fashion at home, and then our horses that have served us well in their life may be fatted, and be no less of service, though in another way, after death. The Smithfield Club will have to insert a fresh class in their prize lists, and we shall see horses in such shapes as were never seen before. The trouble we now have in keeping down the flesh of underworked horses will be compensated by the anticipation of the flesh we shall be able to lay on their frames when their day for work shall have gone by. But before all this comes about we may look with certainty to a great rise in the price of horses as soon as the war ceases. Whatever the destruction of horses may have been in the operations of war—and therein must be counted not only those destroyed in battle, but also those who die from being over-ridden and underfed in the transport service—there will be, moreover, a vast gap to be filled up in Paris alone. So large a city as Paris would, like London, be uninhabitable without horses, and if the Parisians eat up their stock they must replace them as soon as may be. It may be presumed that every available animal both in France and Germany will have been pressed into the service, so that a great demand may be expected to fall on England. Let those, therefore, who want horses get them while they may get them at reasonable prices.

In its happy days Paris, too, had its exhibitions of fat cattle, which were held in the Palais d’Industrie. The contrast between these and our London shows was no less striking in the animals exhibited than in the class of people who attended them. On the day when the price of admittance was lowest, no crowds such as throng the Islington Show were ever to be seen. The spectators were for the most part country people. The sight was not attractive to the Parisians, in spite of the pleasant warmth and the ample room for promenade which the building afforded, and the musical performances by military and other bands, so dear to the Frenchman. The variety of breeds exhibited, especially in the cattle classes, was most interesting, varying in size from animals that would look small by the side of our Devon or Sussex cattle up to huge mammoths that would dwarf our Herefords by comparison. But as they increased in stature so they appeared to develop in size of bone, so that these monstrous beasts carried really little more flesh than some of their smaller rivals. And it was gratifying to an Englishman to observe that in these competitions the animals gaining chief honours and winning most admiration were of either pure or mixed Durham or shorthorn blood; so that, whatever may be the fears of our farmers as to Continental competition, they may feel assured that they have in their hands the most approved races. And the Smithfield Club may take one hint from the Paris management, in that it tells the public the weight of the beasts exhibited—information which is most interesting either to the learned or the unlearned. The standard of merit for Southdown sheep at Paris was very amusing. The point aimed at appeared to be to obtain the most diminutive animal while retaining the characteristics of the breed. The small flock (for flock it was, inasmuch as some twenty animals were shown) that obtained the chief prize were as small and fine in the bone as small gazelles, which, closely shaven as they were, they really resembled more than sheep. They were confined in what was more a little paddock than a pen, and their shy habits kept them constantly on the move. It is evident that in the matter of sheep the French judges go for quality rather than quantity. Another point of difference in the two exhibitions is the absence in Paris of the Bazaar element and the addition of a Poultry Show. In the place of the implements, carriages, &c., which find room

at Islington, there was in the galleries at Paris an exhibition of farm produce of various kinds, and amongst the rest dead poultry. Whatever success we may have in the breeding and feeding of oxen and sheep and pigs, there is no doubt that we have much to learn from the French in the management of our poultry. The specimens were all exhibited plucked and trussed ready for cooking, and certainly by far exceeded in size and in delicacy of appearance anything that we get in England. It is noteworthy, too, that all the birds were shown, not with the breast upwards, as we are accustomed to see them in our markets and shops, but with the back uppermost; and the test of good breeding in two birds of equal size in frame seemed to be the amount and whiteness of the flesh on the back. There might be seen whole rows of geese, bred and fed to develop the extraordinary livers which are esteemed so great a delicacy. The rabbits were not so large as the Christmas rabbits we see at home, and the ducks certainly do not come up to our Aylesbury ducks. Butter and cheese made quite a big show by themselves; and the variety of distinct sorts of each produced within the French dominions is quite astonishing. On one stand arranged by a dealer we were assured that there were upwards of 160 different kinds of cheese. We are now feeling in the high prices we have to pay for our butter the effect of the withdrawal of the French supply, which amounted for the last three or four years to about 22,000 tons per annum, and was valued at two and a quarter millions sterling annually. The absence of their eggs tells in the same direction, as may be believed when we find that they have been sending us nearly 386 millions of eggs per annum, valued at nearly a million sterling. In fact, the value of the eggs sent to Great Britain from France is nearly double the value of all our imports of living animals from that country. It is not indeed a matter for surprise that it should be so, because the rearing of poultry is essentially the occupation of the "petite culture," which covers so large a proportion of the soil of France. But in the operations of breeding and feeding the larger animals it would appear that the French fail. And if the products exhibited in Paris, as well as the spectators, differed from what we see in London, so did the class of the exhibitors. With the exception of the Emperor and one or two titled names, all the exhibitors appeared to be of the farming class. But in London we have a perfect galaxy of titles among the competitors. Headed by the Queen, the list comprises a prince, dukes, marquises, earls, barons, and baronets; a late bishop's name appears as a breeder; clergy and members of Parliament abound. And all these strive for glory; for it is quite admitted that the game does not pay for the candles. At any rate there is this to be said, that, costly as it may be, we are never likely to see the fortunes lost in it that have been squandered in horse-racing, while those who are engaged in it have the satisfaction of knowing that they are helping in the solution of the problem of how most cheaply to provide food for the million.

WINTER HAUNTS IN WAR TIME.

OTHER people besides German mariners find their movements fettered by the war, and there are non-commercial neutrals who begin to grow exceedingly sensitive to the sorrows it entails. Winter is upon us, and promises to be a hard one. Naturally the Calais and Boulogne boats ought to be shipping their daily loads of invalids, pseudo-invalids, and idlers, on their way to the South. But these popular lines are hermetically sealed, as South-Eastern Railway shareholders know by this time to their cost. The French expresses are traditions of the past or wild dreams of a distant future. Something more formidable than the barriers of the *octroi* obstructs the entrance to Paris, and the terminal stations for Lyons, Orleans, and the North are as deserted as the caravanserais of the Boulevards and Rue Rivoli. It is no longer a question of shooting swiftly, in comfortable although crowded carriages, through the zone of the wheat to that of the vines and the olives. If you decide for a start now, you have to make up your mind to travel, through great tribulation, by long *détours* and routes only associated with summer weather. Winter travellers, like hares, have their accustomed "runs" and familiar "forms." When they find the one stopped and the other disturbed, the unlucky animals are hopelessly taken aback. When you are in the way of travelling with your wife and children, your men servants, maid servants, lapdogs, canaries, and very much baggage, it is no light thing to make elaborate approaches by zigzag to a destination which changed circumstances have robbed of its advantages. The resorts once the most accessible are now the most remote. No place has been more frequented of late years by English visitors than Cannes. This year the easiest road to it, for those who fear to venture near the theatre of war, seems to lie by Belgium and North Germany, Bavaria, Tyrol, and the Brenner. You have to travel great part of the way under grey skies instead of blue, and inhale northern fog and rancid German tobacco in place of the soft air of Provence and the fragrance of the flower farms on the Cornice. You have to shiver under slippery quilts in ridgy German beds, and choke in stifling saloons overheated by German stoves. Cannes is an extreme instance, but the same objection applies with more or less of force to all the favourite winter haunts in France or Italy. You must make up your mind to a costly, tedious, and comfortless journey, in place of a comparatively pleasant one. It might be worth while going through it all if you could look to finding the familiar haunts as they were when you saw them last. Between the reports of disgusted visitors, and the assurances

of doctors, innkeepers, and interested parties generally, it is very hard to come to any definite conclusion. All you can be sure of is, that they must be greatly changed for the worse. In the first place, assuming you to be something short of a millionaire, you may well be uneasy at the prospective drain on your purse, if your plans are so uncertain as to make you think of putting up at hotels. We have read thrilling tales of travellers hunted by starving wolves; we have frequently been ourselves the victim of the famished *habitués* of Southern and Oriental beds, and yet we doubt if we can realize the experiences of the stranger dropped among the innkeepers of Nice or Cannes in a season like the present. We know what these men are by habit; we have experienced the fair charges of the Syndicate in good years when prey was plentiful. And when we remember that these experienced practitioners are making losses instead of gains, that they are wrought up to desperation by the constant contemplation of empty bedrooms, deserted dining-tables, and blank ledger pages, we envy no man who passes their gates without the purse of Fortunatus. These hosts, judging by the charges of many consecutive seasons, must have made tolerable provision against a rainy day; and if they put you to heavy ransom, it need only be from the instinctive thirst for money-getting that has grown by unchecked indulgence. At worst it is your purse that suffers, not your person. But the doctors! With the exception of the great local light, who by his book on Climate has made the fortune of the place along with his own, the competition among the doctors is so great that with their best energies they can only scramble along from hand to mouth. This winter it will be a desperate battle for life; the unwary valetudinarian will drop among them like the young salmon-fry among a swarm of voracious ground beetles. The duty of self-preservation must override all other considerations, and your life-blood must be transfused to fill their depleted veins. The medical man you may select will be prepared to consecrate his whole time to you, and if he is a good-hearted or long-headed fellow he will charitably call his hungry brothers into consultation. As in all probability you will have the place very much to yourself, you will have quite as much time as your doctor to spare to the diagnosis of your symptoms. If you have a tolerably lively imagination, it will be odd indeed if perverted ingenuity does not find real work for your officious adviser before you have done with him. Chronic ennui will supervene on brooding thought, and you will have as good cause to remember the Franco-German war as any of the surviving townsmen of Bazeilles, or dwellers in the suburbs of Paris.

We may be told that we paint an extreme case in exaggerated colours; that those who winter habitually in the South are not all invalids or valetudinarians. Very true; but most people who are neither one nor the other go South with the idea of having a quiet winter or a merry one. Are they likely to have either the one or the other in the present state of the political atmosphere? As to the quiet, in one sense their life is likely to be tranquil enough. We will undertake to guarantee them against any of the baneful consequences that come of over-merriment and excess of dissipation. Cannes will be as peaceful as in the days before Lord Brougham discovered it, and Rome as dead as in a Roman June. The handful of English visitors who have strayed to the Eternal City will actually have to fall back for occupation on its antiquities and associations, and endeavour to distract their superabundant leisure with its architecture, sculpture, and painting. The Anglo-Roman about town, turning in despair from his silent club, will be seen gliding ghoul-like over the mouldering ruin heaps, contemplating abstractedly the masterpieces over altars, or diving into silent catacombs. When there is no prospect of collecting a jovial picnic party for Tivoli, perhaps he may raise his eyes for the first time to the graceful temple that crowns its height, or languidly follow the picturesque leap of the cataracts as they tumble into the abyss below. But flirtations with art or with the beauties of nature are at best a *pis aller* in the absence of anything more exciting. In sheer desperation he will be driven to do violence to his deliberate habits, and hurry panting in the wake of his restless American cousins. Selfish as he is in his essence, his fate invites but little sympathy. It is very different with those anxious heads of families who travel annually with a houseful of marriageable daughters. They lose a year in any case; perhaps produce a permanent deadlock among the train of budding virgins who are treading upon their elder sisters' heels. It is heartless work stalking outlying stags. You want perpetual opportunity, the whirl and sparkle of lights and society, the free play of excitement and jealousy, to bring down your game comfortably. They go conscientiously on the chance, scarcely hoping for success, and will be scarcely disappointed by disappointment. Yet day after day they must move round in the same circle of unavailing regrets. There are no dinners or balls in the familiar apartments in the quarter of the Piazza di Spagna; no carriages on the Pincian of an afternoon; no saunterers in the Borghese gardens of a Sunday; no moonlight parties to the Colosseum or torchlight expeditions to the Vatican; no picnics to Ostia or Veii. In one way all is quiet enough everywhere for every one, but in another way there is excitement they could well dispense with. In France, of course, you have the normal disturbance of a country in a state of war, made morbidly sensitive by misfortune and suffering. The ordinarily tranquil Pau becomes the headquarters of the free shots of the Western Pyrenees, who, esteeming themselves the destined saviours of their country, regard with patriotic suspicion the foreigner who assists at their drill and their mysterious manoeuvres.

Cannes is simmering dangerously in the vicinity of the boiling Republicanism of Marseilles, and Nico and Mentone may declare for independence at any moment. The revolution in Rome is over to be sure, but the scene of recent earthquakes is the last place the loiterer would choose to pitch his tent, especially when there are so many symptoms of the persistent activity of subterranean fires. Much of this alarm is very likely groundless or exaggerated, but at least we do not exaggerate the probable uneasiness of exceptional visitors when they find themselves in these places. The few who go will make a point of persuading themselves that the many must have had good reason for staying away, and apprehensions may be unpleasantly real, although their causes are utterly illusory.

We may be sure that most people who visit the South will pass an unsatisfactory winter—those at least who court disappointment by revisiting the places they have known in happier days. We only wish we could persuade them to bring evil out of good, and break fresh ground for us in yet more favoured latitudes. They might taste something of the pleasures of adventure and discovery, and congratulate themselves, moreover, in after years on having helped to set a fashion. A sea voyage, with all its chances of weather, is scarcely more formidable than a tedious land journey with its certainties of discomfort; so we offer a couple of suggestions which at least are worth consideration, and name a couple of places which will infallibly need no recommendation to winterers of the next generation. Let them try Ismailia or the Azores. Cairo is already popular, but Cairo is a city swarming with noisy, dirty life. The first gorgeous impressions are apt to efface themselves in satiety; you find you have to run a gauntlet of disagreeables every time you indulge yourself with one of the magnificent views; the more accessible environs revolt more than one of the senses, and occasionally the heavens seem to descend in a downpour of successive days. But Ismailia lies apart, in the middle of a rolling desert, on the shores of its picturesque lake. You need never be at a loss for a pursuit with the boating and yachting it offers. In winter the climate is invariably serene, and the temperature marvellously equable. There is no excessive heat, there are cool dry breezes and an almost absolute absence of rain. Now that the sweet waters of the Nile have been led there, already the desert is beginning to bloom; there are promising botanical gardens, and flourishing promenades. Copewood springs up by the canal banks, and bright villas, fantastic cottages, and Swiss chalets stand embowered in masses of tropical creepers. We do not doubt that accommodation would be as easily come by as in Cairo—we talk of apartments, not hotels—and the exhilarating atmosphere would make life pleasant, even without the sense of boundless elbow-room and all the charms of novelty. St. Michael's, too, is accessible enough, and there you have the richness of vegetation and greater variety of prospect to make up for more confined space. The island scenery is delightful; there are endless rides and drives; the residents are hospitable; the accommodation tolerable; the climate is superb, and last, not least, the living is fabulously cheap. We strongly advise people who are war-bound and waiting irresolute to think our suggestion over.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND THE EDUCATION ACT.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has re-stated, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, the interpretation of the Fourteenth clause of the Education Act which he first brought forward in his correspondence with Mr. Fremantle. We entirely agree with the Professor that the first duty of every member of a School Board is to administer the Act honestly—that is, “in accordance not only with its letter but with its spirit”; and to ensure this it is of great moment that any doubt which may exist as to the true meaning of a clause that seems likely to be invoked both by Denominationalists and anti-Denominationalists should be cleared up as soon as possible. Professor Huxley assumes, quite correctly, that some at least of the “sectaries” mean to get as much denominational teaching as they can agree upon introduced into rate-schools. He foresees, for example, that the London School Board may decide by a majority that the doctrine of the Trinity shall be taught in their schools. In that case, he says, the “unsectarian and law-abiding” minority will dispute the power of the school to do this, and will appeal to the Education Department under the Sixteenth clause of the Act. As to the result of this appeal there can, he thinks, be no doubt. The minority may rely on the Education Department to support their objection, and to interpret the Fourteenth clause as prohibiting distinctive denominational teaching equally with the use of distinctive denominational formularies.

We dispute Professor Huxley's interpretation on two grounds—first, that it is inconsistent with, or at all events does not follow necessarily from, the language of the clause; secondly, that it contravenes the declared intention of the Government in casting the clause in its present form. The clause runs:—“No religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school.” There is no need to inquire how far the application of the ordinary rule of construction by which “denomination” must be taken to mean “denominations” is qualified by the words “distinctive” and “particular.” We are quite ready to concede that any formulary which is distinctive, not of one only, but of any number of denominations, is excluded from rate-schools. We will not even insist that “distinctive of” can only mean authoritatively adopted by the denomination or

denominations in question, inasmuch as on any other interpretation the Education Department would be invested with authority to determine what are or are not the distinctive doctrines of this or that sect. We are ready to rely entirely on the difference between the word “formularies” and the word “doctrines.” If Professor Huxley's view of the clause is the correct one, it ought to have run “No doctrines which are distinctive of any particular religious denominations shall be taught in the school.” That would have left the difficulty who is to determine what doctrines are thus distinctive of religious denominations, but it would have made it clear that the intention of the Act was to exclude such doctrines from rate-schools. It is a sufficient answer therefore to Professor Huxley that, when Parliament had the option of using a word which would have unmistakably conveyed the meaning the Professor wishes to see conveyed, it passed it by and used another word which conveys another meaning. “Formulary” must be taken here as extending the previous word “catechism,” and “No catechism or formulary” is equivalent to “No catechism or compendium of doctrine answering to, or in the nature of, a catechism.” Perhaps as near an equivalent as any other would be “text-book,” and we may leave it to Professor Huxley to say whether if the clause had run “No text-book distinctive of any particular school of physiologists shall be used,” he would have construed this to prohibit the teaching of any definite physiological doctrine.

In the second place, the Professor's interpretation is inconsistent with the declared intention of the Government in introducing the clause in its present form. The most authoritative statement of this intention is to be found in Mr. Gladstone's speech on the 16th of June last. It will be remembered that the original form of the Bill left the School Boards absolutely free to give any religious teaching they liked in rate-schools. The principle, as defined by Mr. Gladstone, was local discretion limited only by a conscience clause. The Government found that this absolute discretion was not desired by the country, and they set to work to consider in what way it could be restrained. In the speech referred to, Mr. Gladstone detailed the progress and result of their inquiry. He successively discussed and rejected the plan of limiting the religious instruction to the simple reading of the Bible, and the plan of putting out a volume of Scripture extracts for use in rate-schools. Next, he considered the proposal of Mr. Vernon Harcourt to allow the Bible to be taught as well as read, provided that the teaching should be “undenominational” and unsectarian. This sort of teaching answers exactly to Professor Huxley's idea of giving grammatical, geographical, and historical explanations, with no more of theology than is contained in the precise words of Scripture. But this was not the solution adopted by the Government. On the contrary, Mr. Gladstone went on to say that undenominational and unsectarian instruction is only possible when it is given by the free choice of the teacher, and that it could only be made a matter of rule by constructing a new religious code, or by setting up “a living authority which, with the sanction and in the name of Parliament, will from time to time, when appealed to, draw the lines and definitions of Divine truth on behalf of children.” As the Government were not prepared to try either of these alternatives, Mr. Gladstone went on to describe the particular restriction on local discretion proposed by Mr. Cowper-Temple, and subsequently incorporated into the Bill. The object of this restriction was, on the one hand, “to make rate-provided schools widely and, if possible, universally accessible—at least not to frighten from their door, by the ostentatious exhibition of any peculiar symbol, those who might otherwise be disposed to enter; and, on the other hand, to maintain in its essence and in its substance the power of a religious education, without attempting any of those interferences with the mode of handling Scripture no practicable mode of effecting which has yet been discussed or suggested.” Here, therefore, we have, first, Professor Huxley's interpretation of the Fourteenth clause examined by anticipation and set aside as impracticable; and next, the interpretation of the clause which Professor Huxley expects to see denounced by the Education Department accepted by anticipation. The Fourteenth clause, as it now stands, is not designed to interfere with the “mode of handling Scripture” adopted by the teachers; it is only designed to restrain the “ostentatious exhibition of any peculiar symbol”—such as the Church Catechism or the Shorter Catechism.

We have only to add that Professor Huxley has misunderstood us if he supposes us to have counselled any use of distinctive denominational formularies in rate-schools. The passage from an article in the *Saturday Review* of the 19th of November, which he quotes as throwing light upon the designs of the “sectaries,” had no such object. When we said that, if the Liverpool plan were generally adopted, the Act would virtually be restored to its old shape, and the majority of the ratepayers in each district be permitted to decide to what denomination the school shall belong, we had in view the substance, not the form, of the religious teaching. According to our—and Mr. Gladstone's—interpretation of the Act, the majority of any School Board, being “sectaries,” will be able either to get as much denominational teaching as they can agree upon introduced into all the schools under their control, or to suit each particular school to the denominational conditions of the district in which it is placed. In neither case, it may be hoped, will there be any question of introducing formularies the use of which is prohibited by the spirit, if not by the letter, of the Act. The denominational teaching will be oral, not written. As between

these two expedients the superiority is altogether with the Liverpool plan. It is more elastic, more capable of being modified in accordance with local circumstances, and far less calculated to generate ill-will among the members of the School Board or to raise difficulties in the appointment of schoolmasters. The former plan provides that no religious teaching shall be given in the district except such as is accepted by two or three denominations which command a majority on the School Board. The latter provides that religious teaching shall be obtainable by parents of every denomination, whether represented on the School Board or not, that can supply a majority of children attending any given school. Professor Huxley may dislike both plans, but on the assumption that both are allowed by the Act—and this we submit has been proved to demonstration—he will perhaps admit that the second is open to the fewest objections.

RECENT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

"THE most frightful railway collision that we have had in the North for years," following upon a collision equally frightful in the neighbourhood of London, will perhaps arouse the public to the necessity of separating goods from passenger traffic upon the great lines of railway. We believe that the founders of the English railway system would have recoiled with horror from an application of it which habit causes their successors to regard with indifference or positive satisfaction. The collision of last Tuesday occurred at a place called Brockley Whins, where the passenger traffic from Newcastle to Sunderland and Shields separates, and where also a large coal traffic is turned off from the main line to Tyne Dock. An express train had started from Sunderland for Newcastle at half-past 10 A.M., and was approaching the Brockley Junction, where it had not to stop. It was proceeding on the left-hand line of rails as usual. At the same time a coal train was coming from the Newcastle end of the line, and had to be turned off on its left to take the branch line for Tyne Dock. "The cause of the collision," says a report, "is very easily explained." Very easily indeed. There is at Brockley only one platform for up and down traffic. This platform is on the line of rails used by trains from Sunderland to Newcastle, which is called the up line. If a train comes from Newcastle for Sunderland on the down line, it has to cross from left to right at Brockley to put down and take up passengers, and it must recross to its own line to proceed to Newcastle. The points by which this crossing is effected act simultaneously—an arrangement which is usual and often advantageous, because if by accident a train runs into a crossing or siding by points being left open, it is thus enabled to run out of it again, provided there be nothing in the way. We believe that it has happened that an express train has run into a siding and out of it again without any of the passengers being aware of the peril they had incurred. On this occasion, however, there was unhappily a formidable obstacle in the way. A passenger train had gone from Newcastle for Sunderland, and the points had been opened for it to cross from the down line to the station on the up line. We presume that it had recrossed to the down line and gone on. Then came the coal train, for which the points ought to have been set to turn it on the branch line for Tyne Dock. But as the points were left unaltered, the coal train followed the course of the passenger train for Sunderland. The express train coming from Sunderland had not to stop at Brockley Junction. But the pointsman whose duty it was to turn off the coal train coming from Newcastle for Tyne Dock, instead of turning the points proper for that purpose, did nothing. Thus the coal train, which ought to have been turned from the down line to the siding, remained upon the down line; while the express train, which ought to have remained upon its own or up line, was brought upon the down line. The express train had been slowed to pass the Junction. The coal train was proceeding at ordinary speed. The speed of the former is stated to have been fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and that of the latter six or eight miles an hour. At these speeds respectively the two engines, each with its train behind it, charged one another. The descriptive powers of journalists are at present concentrated on the battlefields of France, and therefore our own domestic scenes of carnage receive perhaps less attention than would be given to them in ordinary times. But the art of man directing the powers of nature has produced no more terrible result than this of an encounter between two railway trains moving in opposite directions upon the same line of rails. There is a grand simplicity about this accident which would render even a coroner incapable of holding a protracted inquiry into the cause of it. We are told that the pointsman "lost his head," and also that he was in custody. It was possible that there might be a committal, and afterwards a trial, of this pointsman. We should not have the least desire to prejudice the case either for or against the pointsman. But we cannot help feeling that public safety is not likely to be advanced by any possible result of criminal proceedings against a supposed offender in such a case. Of all positions of arduous duty which the world affords, perhaps this of a pointsman is least desirable. A French civilian who becomes a captain or colonel off-hand, and is sent to fight with Germans, may easily make a mistake which may sacrifice many lives; but that is the fortune of war, to which those who engage in war must submit. But the possibility of making a mistake which may bring

sudden death on passengers travelling upon ordinary business is enough to cause a pointsman of nervous organization to "lose his head," and thereby to produce the very calamity of which the thought disturbs him. It may be said, and we should agree, that a person of nervous organization ought not to be a pointsman at all. But, supposing that there are any such, the only effect of punishing them criminally must be to add to the dread of injuring others the dread of suffering themselves, and thereby to render them more nervous than they were before. The only men who are likely to do this sort of duty well are men who will fix their attention on points and signals, and never think of consequences at all. But if anything is to be done to promote public safety the effort must take a different direction. Arrangements must be made for conducting railway traffic which will depend considerably less than those which now exist upon the infallibility of pointsmen, with or without liability to punishment. The prosecution of a pointsman who has made a fatal blunder is too like the shooting of an unsuccessful general *pour encourager les autres*. The accident at Harrow was caused by empty coal-trucks, and the accident at Brockley was caused by laden coal-trucks. It begins to appear that there will be no reasonable prospect of safety for passengers until coal-trucks are confined to lines of railway made expressly for them. If the result of this alteration is to raise the price of railway tickets or of coals, no doubt the public, or a great part of it, will grumble, because every man's pocket will be touched, while every man will assume that his particular life and limbs are destined to immunity. The conduct of Englishmen in reference to this matter is likely to resemble that which they have long pursued in reference to national defence. At some expense in money and time they might attain a far higher degree of security than they enjoy at present. But the expense of security is at hand and certain, while they persuade themselves that danger is distant and imaginary.

The inquest upon the victims of the Harrow accident has not finished before another inquest of the same kind begins. It appears from evidence which has been given that a fog came on suddenly and partially at Harrow just before this accident, and this, we believe, is not unusual at other places in the winter. The result of these inquiries can only be that Railway Companies, at any cost of money or trouble, must allow more margin for dislocation in their arrangements. The driver of the second engine of the express to which the accident occurred has been examined, and he states that he did not see the main signal at Wembly, two miles on the London side of Harrow, which ought to have stopped his train. "Owing to the fog, the steam, and the smoke arising from the pilot engine"—that is, the first engine of the train—he did not see the signal. But it would have been more especially the duty of the driver of the first engine to look out for this signal; and he was killed in the collision. The representative of the Company at this inquest is able to point to several rules which, if they were completely and invariably observed, would render accidents almost impossible. But if it could be shown that this Company conducts its traffic as prudently as possible under the existing circumstances, we should still insist that the circumstances ought to be completely altered. It appears that a demand arose for platelayers to go "a fogging." A rule requires platelayers, if absent from the station, to return to it "in case of foggy weather." But if a platelayer is off duty, he is probably in winter time in a house where the fog does not penetrate sufficiently to rouse him to the necessity of quitting his tea or his pipe, and returning immediately to the station. Indeed the station-master stated that he had not known platelayers come to the station in case of fog without being sent for. They must be very remarkable platelayers if they had, and would deserve to have their virtue publicly commemorated, like the humane cattle-drivers to whom Miss Burdett Coutts has been presenting certificates of merit, and copies of a periodical publication. The rules of this Company are indeed so various and minute that it almost appears that everything has been regulated except the fog, which will come on in this capricious manner when platelayers are gone to tea. Indeed the ganger of platelayers actually displayed some of that virtue which we had supposed to be impossible, for he walked to the station to report himself when the fog came on. Unfortunately, however, the express train was advancing to destruction at a pace far beyond a walk. The foreman of the station told the ganger to get the platelayers, and go a fogging. He got two of the men, having had to go 400 or 500 yards for one of them. "A quarter of an hour was spent in finding the men. There were then signals to get and lamps to light. We were not ready before the express train came in." The best inducement to platelayers to be acute in the perception of fog is offered in extra payment for the hours they are engaged "fogging." But even the ganger said that, when off duty, he is not supposed to stop at home and wait for a fog. The signalmen employed upon this line are not only supplied with books of rules, but are examined to test their knowledge of them. The signalman at Wembly cutting had been examined twice. In fact, if such a system could be safely worked at all, the servants of this Company, under its regulations, might be trusted with it. But a resident at Harrow says that the operation of shunting these trains is performed in view of his house, and he wishes to remark "how narrow is the margin left between the shunting of goods trains and the passing of passenger trains." The same remark will have been made by many other dwellers upon suburban railways. Yet all are content to take their chance in travelling.

Assuming that the fog came on suddenly at Harrow, it is still

possible to conceive the arrangements of the line to be made so perfect that signals adapted to the occasion might have been used in time to stop this express train. But no signal that could be devised would have prevented the accident at Brockley. The pointman fancied that the coal train was a goods train, and thus his mind became confused, and he forgot to shift the points. Thus accidents are caused not only by goods trains which exist, but by others also which are imagined. It will be remembered that on the morning of the day of the Harrow accident the Irish Mail train on the same line of railway narrowly escaped an accident which would probably have been quite as disastrous as that which occurred in the afternoon. And here also a mistake of a pointman brought the mail train into collision with a goods train. These prolonged inequests, if they do no other good, will at least keep before the public from day to day the necessity of reforming our system of railway travelling.

A GLANCE AT CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

IT is sometimes a gain, in watching the advance of knowledge on any subject, to cast a look back at those who lag behind, especially when the results of their lagging behind are put forth to the world with all the grandeur and self-satisfaction of a new discovery. The process is more profitable still when the quarter in which such results appear is one which in times past was in front of its own age, but which now, while other people are advancing, stays where it was or falls further back still. We have been casting our eye over the current numbers of the two famous periodicals which take their name from the Scottish capital. The *Edinburgh Review*, as all the world knows, has long ceased to have anything special to do with Edinburgh, but *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* still is, to a great extent, an Edinburgh Magazine in the literal sense. But both periodicals, the Whig and the Tory, the one which has left Edinburgh and the one which has tarried there, are equally memorials of a time when Edinburgh really was a great centre of intellectual life. Let us see what they supply us with now. In measuring the decay of an object we of course take our specimens from the least healthy parts. No doubt articles of real merit, written by men who are fully masters of their subject, do occur in both periodicals. The article for instance on Sir John Lubbock's Prehistoric Times in the present *Edinburgh Review* plainly bears the impress of a hand thoroughly fitted to do its work. To be sure we may perhaps set against this the fact that in *Blackwood* Sir John appears under the strange description of "Professor Lubbock." But the strength of a chain is that of its weakest part; the fact of decay is proved by the presence of the rotten portions, and it is not disproved by the presence of sound portions alongside of them. Our readers may perhaps remember the amusement which they had some months back over the Abbot of Covent Garden and the pedigree of the House of Russell. Those who have any minute knowledge of German geography will be equally amused by a note—seemingly editorial—which is stuck at the bottom of p. 416 of the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*. It is there put forth with great solemnity, that

It may be well to remind our readers that the Island of Rügen, with that part of Pomerania including Greifswald and Stralsund, though Prussian since 1815, was Swedish territory from 1720 to that time.

This is a different form of error from the Abbot of Covent Garden; it is one of those charming sayings which are all the more charming because they are literally true. That Rügen was Swedish territory from 1720 to 1815 is true, just as it is true to say that the *Edinburgh Review* was published in London from 1860 to 1870. But this is not all; we took our year 1860 at a shot; the *Edinburgh Reviewer* or commentator did not take his year 1720 at a shot. The process of blundering is delightful. In 1637 Brandenburg acquired all Pomerania, but in 1648, by the Peace of Westphalia, *Vorpommern*, including Rügen, was given to Sweden, Brandenburg getting the Archbishopric of Magdeburg and other lands in exchange, and keeping *Hinterpommern* all along. In 1720, Sweden ceded to Brandenburg—or, as we may now say, Prussia—a part of *Vorpommern*, but still kept Rügen, Stralsund, and Greifswalde. The unlucky *Edinburgh* annotator clearly mistook 1720, the year when Sweden lost part of her Pomeranian possessions, for the time when she began to have any Pomeranian possessions at all.

This is the sort of thing of which the *Edinburgh Review* thinks "it may be well to remind our readers." We should have thought it worth while, if we had been speaking of Arndt and his Pomeranian birth, to have reminded our readers of the singular fact that the apostle of German unity came from a land originally Wendish, but which by adopted speech was Low-Dutch and by political allegiance Swedish. It strikes us as remarkable that Sweden should, in an outlying territory with which she had no natural connexion, have commanded so strong a feeling of loyalty as it is plain from Arndt's early life that she did. Was it the memory of Gustavus?

Let us turn for awhile to *Blackwood*, and gaze at the astounding beginning of the article headed "The Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language." Lord Macaulay said that Mr. Robert Montgomery's poems stood in the same relation to poetry in which a Turkey carpet stands to a picture. The colours used in the Turkey carpet might, under some other arrangement, have made a picture, and the words used by Mr. Robert Montgomery might,

under some other arrangement, have made poetry. This wonderful page of *Blackwood* contains seemingly thrown about at random, a great number of technical terms of philological science, which might probably, if put into some other order, be shaped into philological truths. Nay, it also contains several propositions which are perfectly true in the sense in which the *Edinburgh Reviewer's* Pomeranian chronology is true. Nay, it contains other propositions which are true in a higher sense. No one can deny for a moment that the "Scottish tongue"—meaning of course not the Scottish tongue, but the Northern English tongue—"comprises many words once possessed by the English, but which have become obsolete in the latter." This is one of the most important and least understood facts in the history of the English language, but the way in which the writer in *Blackwood* sets about to prove it is rather remarkable. We will not stop to dispute whether the Teutonic speech of Scotland is to be called a language or a dialect, for that question is one which is largely a question of words; but it should be remembered that the question would be exactly the same if, instead of Scotland, we should put Northumberland or Durham. We go on rather to the writer's account of the origin and history of the English and Scottish tongues as defined by him:—

The English and Scottish languages are both mainly derived from the Teutonic; and, five or six hundred years ago, may be correctly described as having been Anglo-Saxon and Scoto-Saxon. Time has replaced the Anglo-Saxon by the modern English, but has spared the Scoto-Saxon, which still remains a living speech. . . . The English, as far as it remains an Anglo-Saxon tongue, is derived from the Low German with a mixture of the Scandinavian and Icelandic; while the Lowland Scotch, or Scoto-Saxon, is indebted more immediately to the Dutch, Flemish, and Danish both for its fundamental and most characteristic words, and for its inflection and grammar. . . . The principal components of the Scottish tongue are derived, first, from the Teutonic, comprising many words once possessed by the English, but which have become obsolete in the latter; secondly, words and inflections derived from the Dutch, Flemish, and Norse; thirdly, words derived from the French, or from the Latin and Greek through a French medium; and, fourthly, words derived from the Gaelic or Celtic language of the Highlands, which is indubitably a branch of the Sanscrit.

Of course the talk about English or Scottish or anything else being "derived" from the Teutonic, and about modern English "replacing" Anglo-Saxon, is the old sort of unscientific talk which we have to expose every day of our lives; but we are not a little curious to know what meaning the writer attaches to the word "Teutonic." It is something which differs from English, Scottish, Anglo-Saxon, Low-German, Scandinavian, Icelandic, Dutch, Flemish, Danish, Norse, and, to judge from a sentence which comes later on in the article, from *Platt-deutsch* and perhaps from "German." We copy all these names down, supposing that the writer attaches some meaning to them; and eagerly wishing to know what this Teutonic tongue is which is different from the tongues of all our kinsfolk, but from which our own tongue is "derived." As far as we can make out, the original Teutonic element in English has been modified by Anglo-Saxon, Low-German, Scandinavian, and Icelandic, while the Teutonic element in Scottish has been modified by Dutch, Flemish, and Danish. We can only say that these things are beyond us. It is hardly possible that a man can have drawn out such an elaborate system of the relations of languages without having some meaning, but we cannot make the faintest guess as to what the meaning may be. We can only wonder, as we wonder at the almost more amazing sentence with which our extract ends. In what conceivable sense is Gaelic "a branch of the Sanscrit"? Does the writer simply mean that Gaelic is an Aryan tongue, thinking perhaps that this familiar fact is a great discovery to be trumpeted forth with special triumph? Of course in any case to call Gaelic a "branch" of the Sanscrit is rank nonsense; but in what sense can any man have got to fancy that Gaelic is a branch of the Sanscrit in which English, Scottish, and all the rest are not branches of the Sanscrit equally?

The main body of the article then goes on with a vocabulary, which gives some useful illustrations of the way in which words which have died out in England have lived on in Scotland. But why should it have been prefaced with this portentous specimen of the philology of our grandmothers?

We might cull some other things from other parts of the number, as for instance the statement, in the article on the "Great Collapse," that it was the France of 1790—when Louis the Sixteenth was still reigning—and not the France of November, 1793, which threw off its allegiance to the Supreme Being. Or, again, in the first article in the number we are told the surprising fact that "architectural antiquaries of eminence think" that the Jews' house at Lincoln is older than the Norman Conquest. Things like these may be very possibly only the result of hurry, and they do not imply the same faculty of patient blundering which is implied in the philological talk of *Blackwood* and in the Pomeranian talk of the *Edinburgh*. We will rather turn for a few moments to the *Edinburgh* article on Mr. Cox's *Aryan Mythology*. The article is an acute one, and it is evidently written by a clever man, but by a man who is still altogether in the Court of the Gentiles as to the particular subject on which he takes upon himself to write. We are not bound to all the theories even of Professor Müller, still less to those of Mr. Cox, which go so much further. But we are at least certain of this, that to upset either of them is a work which can be done only by a man who thoroughly understands their method and who has gone through some part at least of the research which they have gone through. Now a mere glance at the article shows the sort of man who has been set to write it—some one who objects to the new theories, not because of any real flaws that

may be found in them, but simply because they are new and what he would call fanciful. The absence of the tone produced by the special scholarship of the subject, the presence of the tone produced by its absence, are plain in every page. When a man talks of Mr. Max Müller's "able and interesting Oxford Essay," we know at once that he is not Mr. Müller's peer or even his follower. We do not deny that a man may do good service to Comparative Mythology and Comparative Philology while he knows only a very few of the languages with which the subject is concerned, but when a man rattles off in the grand style that the question "may be decided without a knowledge of Lettish or Russian, Norse or Celtic, Zend or Sanscrit," we know exactly in what rank of philologists to put him. It is exactly of a piece with the conventional "Goth, Huns, and Vandals" of claptrap oratory, or with the inevitable allusion to Ivan the Terrible when speaking of Russia, or to Mithridates when speaking of the Crimea. When a man babbles about "Pelagian deities," about "classic Greek," and when he tells us that "Bryant's *Mythology* still remains our most systematic work on the subject," we know exactly with whom we have to deal. Of course he must so far do sacrifice to the new gods as to say something about Mr. Grote, so he accordingly tells us that "of living scholars Mr. Grote, in the first volume of his *History*, has given the most satisfactory general discussion of Greek polytheism that we possess." Now Mr. Grote has most certainly not given us anything which can be called a discussion of Greek polytheism. The peculiarity of his treatment, holding, as he does, that there is no real interpretation to be had, is that he gives us no interpretation at all. We have always wondered why Mr. Grote, from his point of view, stopped to tell any of the mythical stories. A writer like this, clever enough to hit particular blots in Mr. Cox's argument, but who has no real understanding of his method, no real scholarly preparation for examining it, is just the sort of man whom it is thoroughly unfair to set to write on an important subject of which he is something worse than wholly ignorant. In nearly every page he shows that he is still in the same limbo as the philologist of *Blackwood*, the limbo where people think, or think that some other people think, that Greek, Gaelic, and what not, are derived from Sanscrit.

This sort of thing ought to come to an end. England contains scholars and men of science capable of dealing, each man in his own branch, with all parts of knowledge. Be the subject Aryan mythology or Scottish philology, the political history of the Isle of Rügen or the local history of Covent Garden, there is no excuse for setting people to write about it who do not understand it.

WOOLWICH LABORATORY AND THE FACTORY ACTS.

HAVE we a Home Office? Is there really a personal intelligence or will which, unseen by the public, presides over the domestic interests of the realm? Or are the functions of that important department actually in abeyance, and is the social machine left to realize and exemplify that perfection of government which lies, according to certain philosophers, in there being no government at all? *Laissez faire, laissez aller*, would assuredly seem to be adopted as the motto of Mr. Bruce's office. In vain is the ear of his department besieged by complaints of this law being inoperative or unintelligible, or that law being openly and systematically set at naught. Dionysius within enjoys his repose, unmoved to all appearance, beyond question not stirred to action by the cries of victim after victim. The Cab-law may remain a dead letter, the opprobrium of the Statute-book, disregarded alike by the driver and his fare, declared unintelligible by the magistrate and ignored by the police. The lives and property of the lieges may be exposed to daily and nightly peril. The police reports may teem with the proofs of rampant and unchecked violence, and the press may echo the complaints of whole neighbourhoods that are a prey to terror and distrust. Still, through all, serenity sleeps unruffled at the Home Office. And we shall probably see no sign of waking up until a band of indignant questioners rises to besiege the Treasury Bench after yet two months more of continued anarchy; or, until nerved by the precedent of Islington, the metropolis at large girds itself up for the effort of self-preservation, and an association of friends to law and order seizes the staff which authority has let fall from its impotent or palsied grasp.

If there is any one class of statutes over the enforcement of which it behoves the Home Office more especially to watch with jealous and unintermittent care, it is that of the Factory Acts for the limitation of labour in the case of women and young persons. And if anywhere a model should be looked for of exactitude and rigour in carrying out the wholesome enactments of those statutes, it should be sought for in the departments of labour under the direct control or management of the Government. Yet for weeks, we may say months, past the daily and weekly newspapers have published complaints of the habitual and systematic violation of these important statutes in the Laboratory of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. In the abeyance of the sittings of Parliament no other mode practically exists for ventilating grievances of this description than the columns of the press. But apparently it is to no purpose that the complaints of helpless sufferers are in this manner dropped into the lion's mouth. Over and over again has the attention of the Home Office been publicly drawn to the statement that, where upwards of a thousand children and young persons are employed in Government

labour, the hours prescribed in the Factory Acts have for a long time past been habitually exceeded. Large numbers of children have, it is asserted, been kept at work from 6 A.M., some to 7 P.M., some to 8, and some as late as 9 P.M. We are not here speaking from newspaper statements or correspondence alone, still less from any private or unauthoritative sources. Last month an inquest was held at Plumstead upon an unfortunate lad, Charles Griffiths, aged twelve, who had been employed in the Arsenal Magazine from early morning till 6 P.M., when he asked leave to go home, feeling unwell, and died the same evening at eight o'clock. The verdict being "Death from natural causes," we have no intention to charge the Arsenal authorities with the direct responsibility of this poor boy's death. What we would take note of is the plain and overt violation of the law in keeping him, and perhaps hundreds of other children of the like tender age, in excess of the time mercifully laid down by the Factory Acts. Premising that under the word "children" are comprised all young persons under 13 years of age, the Act distinctly lays down that children shall not be employed for more than six hours and a-half in any one day, nor before 6 A.M., nor after 6 P.M., nor after 2 P.M. on Saturdays. They are not to be employed before noon and after 1 P.M. on the same day. Taken in connexion with the regulation fixing the hours of meals, the effect of those enactments is that the ordinary hours of work are 60 per week—namely, 10½ hours on each of the first five days of the week = 52½ hours, and 7½ hours on Saturday. Between the 30th of September and the 15th of April the hours of work may, on the first five days of the week, be taken—a month's notice having been previously given to the Inspector—between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. instead of between 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., such later hours coming under the category of lost time. It is, however, expressly declared, in the summary of these Acts published by authority, that "children" may not be employed to recover lost time, and cannot therefore be employed either before 6 A.M. or after 6 P.M. In private establishments, even in Mr. Walpole's time, no such tampering with the letter no less than the spirit of the law as has been openly charged—and, so far as we are aware, without contradiction—upon the management of one of our leading Government Laboratories, would have been secure from visitation and punishment. In a first-class place of work at the West End a severe penalty was, it will be remembered, inflicted upon the proprietor for employing beyond legal hours a young woman above eighteen who had taken extra work with her own full consent, death having unfortunately been accelerated or brought about by undue confinement and excessive toil. The greater will be the scandal if similar risks to health and well-being have been forced upon children wholly incapable of choice in the matter, where not only should the best example be held out to private directors of labour, but where a pressure is laid upon both parents and children wholly in excess of that which attaches to toil of a private or unofficial kind. If no due protection is held out by public departments to the children of the working-class, are we to expect a keener solicitude, on the part of their private rivals, to maintain the legal checks upon physical exhaustion and decay?

It is not, however, the waste and ruin of bodily strength alone that these Acts were designed to counteract. It was equally the intention of the Legislature that intellectual and moral growth should not be stunted or crippled in the case of our artisans that are to be. Children under employ were to attend school three hours daily, and they were to be sent to school from their first entrance into the works. In addition to this, an express regulation of the War Office was, and we presume is, in existence, providing a school in connexion with the Royal Arsenal, in which each boy up to the age of seventeen was to attend two half-days in the week, until he could pass a qualifying examination. Under Colonel Boxer's term of management, it has been stated, a thousand boys and six hundred girls employed in the Arsenal were constantly under tuition. The boys' school, it is now said, was actually closed for a while since August last. Certain remonstrances having followed, this school has since been partially re-opened. But the school for girls, of whom six hundred or so are in constant employment in the Arsenal, has, it is alleged, been wholly closed and the mistresses dismissed. Moreover, the pressure of illegal overwork prevents these children from having access to night-schools or other subsidiary modes of instruction. We say nothing of those young persons of more advanced education who were wont to attend the classes connected with the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, and who are now by the same course debarred that advantage. What we complain of is the mockery of both law and humanity charged upon a Government department, at the very time too when so much credit is claimed by Government for the widest possible scheme of unrestricted, if not compulsory, education. Among the first and most pressing duties of the newly-elected School Board of the district will be that of inquiring into the truth of the alleged lapse or destitution in the means of instruction over this large area. In the meantime we ask what have the Inspectors under the Factory Acts been about, or what has the Home Office been about, if it be true that provisions of the most simple and obvious kind have been suffered to remain a dead letter?

We shall perhaps be told in reply that overwork is called for by the exigencies of the public service. A grosser fallacy than this can hardly be uttered. Let us suppose for a moment that extra pressure was for a time put upon the cartridge department, in spite of the reassuring statements of Mr. Cardwell and other Ministers, or the serene and imperturbable pros-

pects of "happy England." Is it so certain that the additional amount of production called for is best secured by taxing more heavily the powers of children already working the full legal time, rather than by taking on extra hands while the demand exists? By the latter course a greater reserve of trained workers would be kept up for use in any sudden or unforeseen contingency, while the neighbourhood, impoverished enough by the recent discharges of working hands, would be grateful for the diffusion of work and its accompanying pay. Sudden demands of this kind were by no means unknown during the fourteen years of Colonel Boxer's directorship. How is it that complaints such as are now rife were never heard of then? Under no emergency were the Factory regulations interfered with, or the efficient working of the schools set aside. Any attempt to make out a pretence of superior efficiency in respect to work turned out under a high-pressure system rests, we are convinced, upon a fundamental mistake. The material interests of the service and the State, no less than the physical and moral rights of these hundreds of children, are concerned in upholding the wholesome enactments of the law. To whom, then, if not to the Home Department, are we to look for a vigilant enforcement of these statutes? If, as has been repeatedly stated, the attention of the Inspectors under the Factory Acts has been called to such infractions as we have spoken of, why has nothing been done by way of inquiry and amendment? Is it because the violation of the law rests in this case with another department of Government? We insist that no department in a State can be above the law, and that with the Home Office rests the general responsibility of seeing that in no case shall the domestic law of the land give way to the arbitrary action either of private persons or the officers of public departments. We were glad to learn the other day that, by a spasmodic exercise of vigour on the part of the Home Secretary, Colonel Milward, R.A., Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich, had been directed to inspect the scene of the late powder factory explosion at Birmingham, with a view to reporting on the nature and efficiency of the precautions required for the safety of the workpeople in establishments of that kind. May we hope that Mr. Bruce will commission some of the Inspectors put by the Factory laws under his jurisdiction to visit, and report upon the state and management of, the Royal Laboratory, Woolwich, in respect to the provisions of the Factory Acts? It would be extremely satisfactory to learn on authority that the statements which have been publicly made on this subject have no foundation in fact.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE season of Winter Exhibitions has set in. The other day we had the pleasure of noticing the Dudley Gallery; we now turn to the Eighteenth Exhibition of "Cabinet Pictures of British and Foreign Artists" at the French Gallery. The difference between the two Exhibitions is great. We described the works in the Dudley as tentative, as early crops of nascent genius, full of interest, but not always very saleable. The pictures in the French Gallery are, in comparison, mature and conventional, safe and marketable. The majority of the painters bear names which, merely as names, are properties; and not a few of the works come forth but as new editions of old ideas, small replicas of compositions which have already achieved success. And the French Gallery, managed thus shrewdly, has long proved a success. In short, the purchasing public are so ignorant of art as art, so little reliant on their unaided judgment, so dependent upon names and guarantees, that Galleries, of which this may be the best of its kind, have become necessary and are acknowledged among the institutions of the country.

"Taming the Shrew" (47) gives Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A., a subject to his heart's content. Nature when bordering upon the stage, and characters that act a buffo part, are to his liking. Petruccio, seated in the free and easy fashion best known to the theatre, rails at his wife in a manner divided between admiration and scorn, jesting and gibing.

He rails and swears and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak.

Katherine winces under the castigation; she is tortured but not tamed. Like a wasp, she would sting; as an enraged tiger, she is ready to pounce on her victim, yet she holds herself back. This inward conflict is well depicted; clenched hands and distracted face tell of the vixen's paroxysm. And yet the picture will be more satisfactory to the playgoer than to the student of Shakespeare. Petruccio and Katherine are strolling actors rather than gentlefolk. Katherine is thin, scraggy, shabby; her face looks as if it had suffered from scratches, her figure would indicate that the process of taming includes starvation. The technical powers—and they are of a high order—which Mr. Orchardson usually brings into play are well known; his execution, if brilliant, is apt to be slashing and scratchy; his colour, though harmonious, is pitched in a key which completes the artist's mannerism. "Taming the Shrew" is the cleverest picture in the room; it is almost too clever to be true, as Shakespeare is true, to nature.

Academicians, as a rule, reserve such new ideas as luck may have thrown in their way for their own Academy; hence other Exhibitions have to put up with what are vulgarly called pot-boilers. This may account for the want of anything out of the

common run from Mr. Goodall, R.A., Mr. T. Faed, R.A., Mr. Frost, A.R.A., Mr. Le Jeune, A.R.A., Mr. Cooper, R.A., all present in this room. Among outsiders of the Academy the pictures most worthy of note are by Mr. Burgess, Mr. Long, Mr. Archer, and Mr. O'Neill. Among landscape-painters still beyond the pale of the Academy some three or four express commonplace ideas with neatness and felicity.

This French Gallery again boasts a large percentage of foreign pictures which, if not very remarkable, present some points of interest. Once more instructive comparison may be instituted between our English landscape-painters and those of the Continent. Messrs. Leader, Hulme, and Peel are essentially of the school which dates from Creswick; a school of green, woody pastoral, placid as a summer's evening; peaceful and uneventful as a cotter's life. This average English landscape, often composed of little more than trees and a trout stream, cares not for grandeur on earth or in the elements. Upon the Continent other ideas dominate. Take, for example, M. Lier of Munich, or M. Thesenhausen his pupil, as seen by two characteristic works—"An Autumn Evening" (96), and "Lake Scene in Bavaria" (121). Here we enter on a land of shadow, cloud, rain, and wind; the pictures have been painted for the sake of an idea; accident is cast aside as irrelevant; nature is made to bend to pictorial law. A favourite recipe for concocting a landscape is brought to bear on "The Timber Wain" (24), by M. Lommens. A dark raincloud is here made to descend on a hill-top, which as a matter of course is touched by a sunbeam. Thus artists in all countries make stale the thought which at its first flash sparkled with intelligence.

This German landscape is allied to German figure-painting; in all time landscape art has followed pretty closely in the path taken by that higher and nobler art which is centred in the life and progress of humanity. "The arrest in 1701 of Franz Rákóczy II., Prince of Hungary, and Siebenbürgen" (15), by Herr Julius Benézur, already seen in the International Exhibition of Bavaria, may be accepted as a fair exposition of the principles which guide the pupils of Professor Piloty, the ruling power in Munich. The effect, though striking, is forced and meretricious. That the treatment of light, shade, and colour now taught in the Academy of Munich is as applicable to landscapes as to figure compositions, becomes evident from a work which reaches England with an acquired reputation—"National Cavalry on the March during the Insurrection of 1863 in Poland" (122), by Herr Gierymski, a Polish painter of promise in the Munich school, identified through art with the heroism of his fatherland.

From Munich to Madrid the transition is violent. Did we not know from International Exhibitions that Spain can still show solid, serious-minded painters not unworthy of the old Spanish masters, we should think contemptuously of a country whence come the flashy, dashing pictures of MM. Madrazo, Fortuny, and Escosura. Such florid and facile products recall the ready and reckless expedients of M. Gavarni, M. Doré, and the least scrupulous of Parisian adventurers. What seems best and most distinctive in the art which reaches us from Spain is a certain phase of Orientalism which tells that the blood of the Moors and the brilliant tones of the Alhambra run warm in the veins of the people.

Art in France it is impossible to think of irrespectively of the war. The dispersion and the redistribution of art treasures, consequent upon the ruin of families, is almost at present impossible to estimate fully. London, as usual, must receive a lion's share of the scattered wealth, and for years yet to come our Exhibitions will bear witness to the art revolutions which follow on the battlefield. Some of the art fostered by a corrupt Empire and fed by the extravagance of adventurers, it may be hoped will be swept away. The French, tried in the school of adversity, may perhaps even in picture-making be brought back to the ways of truth and soberness. Thus haply may be seen no more painters such as M. Perrault who perpetrate mawkish parodies on nature. "The Young Mother" (184), by this artist, not worse than many of its kind, is waxy and weak; such art may with advantage die out. M. Gérôme, and other painters who have now taken refuge among us, will with profit be led to take a more serious view of life. And while we look at the "Pifferari" (51), painted here in London from Italians also living in a land of strangers, we can fancy that the burden of sorrow has already weighed on the handiwork of an artist who hitherto has shown in his pictures a callousness for human suffering. In looking at these Pifferari piping in the streets, we recall the time of captivity when the exiles asked, How shall we sing unto you in a strange land? We trust that the present war may not, like others that have gone before, cause palettes to stream with crimson, and canvasses to run with blood. There will be much to paint besides battle-fields; even now we can scarcely look upon scenes of pathos such as the "Removal" (46) of a family poor and desolate, impressively depicted by M. Israels, without in imagination travelling to the saddest scenes in peasant life—homes made homeless, villages desolate, peasants perishing with cold and hunger. And as we glance over the art of Europe epitomized in this Gallery, what seems most consonant with national affliction is the simple sympathetic art given us by MM. Duverger, Lassalle, Arnoux, Seignac, and others of the Frère school—painters who, caring not for crowned heads or gay saloons, enter the peasant's cottage and tell of simple cares and homely joys. This is an art which, like nature, may hope to survive the fall of empires. In concluding the notice of this Gallery we are bound to remark upon a practice which might in strictness exclude it from notice at all. Pictures are from time to time re-

moved, and others put in their place, after a method which might be easily accounted for in a shop. At the private view an unfinished picture, "Padre Francisco" (138), was at the head of the room, while, at the moment when we write, a picture by M. de Vriendt, three years old, and not in the catalogue, is thrust into the same place of honour.

The New British Institution has opened a varied and interesting Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings. Some of the contributors are new names, others are old acquaintances; in fact, it not unfrequently happens in the present day, when Exhibitions are multiplied to excess, that an artist will seek access to several Galleries at the same time, just as pressmen obtain entrance to the columns of many journals. In this way painters multiply their opportunities of being seen and their chances of sale. Thus at the present moment Mr. Dobson sends water-colour drawings to two Exhibitions, and Mr. Donaldson furnishes oil-pictures and drawings to three Exhibitions. A critic cannot be expected to follow a painter all over London; indeed, no reader could endure constant reiteration of the thrice times thrice-told stories which painters inflict on the patience of the public. And yet there are some prolific artists, just as there are certain eloquent talkers, who never weary, and thus, notwithstanding an inveterate sameness of manner, the four contributions of Mr. Donaldson may be accepted gladly. These sketches from Rome, Venice, and Nuremberg, have the charm of awakening old memories; in style mediæval, they comport all the better with olden times and historic sites; bright unbroken daylight might be less in keeping with the shadow of age and the colour of association. Mr. H. Wallis, too, is open to the charge of vain repetition; we have recently, in the Dudley Gallery, caught him in plagiarism, and having borrowed an idea, he now for a second time turns it into capital. And yet we forgive him this "Ser Pandolfo" (77), because of the lovely little flower girl, exquisite for colour as for form. We note a couple of clever figure pictures by Mr. Muckley, an artist who has made himself favourably known in this Gallery by his fruit pieces; the room also contains other praiseworthy efforts, such as "Study of a Head" (307), by Miss Helen Thornycroft. Likewise may be observed first sketches of playful, fanciful compositions (381), by M. Lorenz Frölich, the artist of Copenhagen from whom we have for years vainly watched for a sequel worthy of his illustrations to the story of Cupid and Psyche. This painter seems to lack the vigour, possibly also the knowledge, essential to give to his conceptions articulate form. One or two other novelties presented themselves on our circuit through the room; for instance, "Llyn Idwal—a Remembrance" (86), and "Rocks near Lymouth—Laver Gathering" (153), by the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt, of Oxford, an amateur, seldom, if ever before, visible in London Exhibitions. Mr. Tyrwhitt is known in the literature of art, and if these drawings are not quite up to professional standards, they will at any rate not lessen the weight of his written judgments. Few critics can show such credentials.

The Pall Mall Gallery is now specially set apart to some drawings and paintings made on the coast of Norway by Mr. Elijah Walton. The world is divided as to the merits of Mr. Walton's works, yet the existence from year to year of a Gallery exclusively devoted to the painter's studies of the Alps, Mount Sinai, &c., proves that friends and admirers are not wanting. We scarcely think it needful to criticize the Norway series now on exhibition from an art point of view, because, even though their merit should be slight, such conscientious transcripts of geologic strata and atmospheric conditions have a value irrespectively of art. The late Professor James Forbes, whose volume on Norway was illustrated from his own sketches, might have added to his knowledge of Northern latitudes by a visit to this Gallery. Possibly these drawings will not be deemed satisfactory in colour, for even when Turnerian treatments are attempted, the essential harmonies, and delicate transitional passages, are often missed. Still Mr. Walton seems, according to his ability, to have set down what he saw, though doubtless these drawings have received finishing touches suggested by the artist's conception of the innate fitness of things. This is but too evident when we consider that effects here wrought out laboriously are so evanescent as to have lasted but a few seconds. Men of science would require to see the painter's first notes, and men of art might prefer dashing sketches on the spot to drawings dressed up daintily. But there exists between men of science and men of art a middle class, who take an interest in knowing what Norway is to the general observer, in learning what is the conformation of her rock-bound coast, what the relations between land and water, what the atmospheric changes, and especially what goes on in sky, sea, and earth in that season when night is brilliant as the day. In a recent paper on "Landscape Art in Northern Europe," we dwelt on the magnificent sunsets which take place at midnight, on effects of twilight prolonged from midnight to morn, on the phenomenon of perpetual day. These aspects of nature Mr. Walton has done his best to record faithfully. Judging from the examples before us, we might almost suppose that the artist slept by day and worked during the night. We count seven studies, mostly highly-coloured, made by midnight; one is a storm at midnight, another includes a fine sky study, "Midnight Cirri Clouds reforming," another is described as "Clouds Gathering at Midnight," and in yet a fourth birds at midnight are flying mid sky, just because neither birds, animals, nor men, can tell so long as the sun shines when to take rest. The survey of these drawings leaves it more than ever doubtful how far Northern latitudes can with advantage be

brought under art treatment. The extremes of winter and summer, of snow and sunshine, of barrenness and fitful fertility, are too sudden and violent. Half tones and gentle transitions are wanting. Grandeur, however, is seldom absent, though Mr. Walton unfortunately tends more to the pretty than to the grand. Yet, at all events, his sketches are interesting chronicles of those abnormal atmospheric changes which astound the traveller in Northern latitudes.

REVIEWS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.*

THE two chief intellectual lights of America during the eighteenth century were undoubtedly Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards. Franklin, the typical specimen of the practical shrewdness of his countrymen, devoted his powers to topics of popular interest, and received an appropriate reward in popular fame. Edwards, the connecting link between the old Puritan theologians of New England and what has been recently known in America as the Transcendental school, soared into the more ethereal regions of metaphysical speculation, and has enjoyed only that kind of obscure celebrity which implies that its possessor is more often named than studied. Sir J. Mackintosh speaks of his powers of subtle argument as being "perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed amongst men"; and there is a current impression, though perhaps few people have cared to test its accuracy, that Edwards was amongst the acutest of those daring logicians who have perplexed or enlightened their readers on the perpetually recurring mysteries connected with Free Will and Predestination. The oblivion which has befallen his treatises may be accounted for partly by the decline of interest in the problems to the study of which he devoted his remarkable abilities, or rather by the change in the point of view from which the problem is regarded, and partly by inherent defects of style and method. These hindrances, however, to the permanent utility of his books do not diminish their interest as historical landmarks in a certain field of inquiry. Edwards, in fact, was a characteristic product of a singular conjunction of circumstances. In America, at that time, the opportunities for acquiring familiarity with the contemporary thought of Europe were of the most limited kind. Edwards's whole apparatus of learning consisted, first, of the theological literature of his sect; and secondly, of the writings of Locke and a few contemporary English writers. He is the product of a kind of chemical combination between these elements; and represents the old Puritanism dissolving under the influence of eighteenth-century philosophy. Such transitional forms have an interest of their own in the history of thought; and Edwards, with the naïve frankness of a self-taught man, unconscious of critics, and working out his problems for himself, exhibits in the plainest form some of the tendencies of the time. By grafting thoroughgoing Calvinism with the metaphysical theories of Locke or Leibnitz, and planting the stock in the half-settled wilds of America, we obtain as a fruit the treatises of Edwards on the Freedom of the Will and the Nature of Virtue.

Edwards was in fact born and brought up in the strictest sect of New England theology. His speculations seem never to have suggested even a doubt as to the chief points of his creed. He not only quotes the Bible as an infallible and supreme authority, but seems to regard its absolute verbal accuracy as an ultimate self-evident truth. Thus, for example, he says that it would be needless to bring texts to prove that the Deity is virtuous, because such texts are familiar to all Christians; but it does not strike him that there would be anything logically questionable in such a proceeding. The Bible proved itself; and all philosophical or religious truths must be tested by their accordance with its teaching. Though a contemporary of Voltaire, he assumed, as unhesitatingly as Chillingworth had assumed a century earlier, that the absolute infallibility of every word of the Bible might be taken as a fundamental truth. This assumption is characteristic, not only as it indicates the degree in which the speculative medium in which he lived was still unmoved by any breath of criticism, but as illustrative of Edwards's personal peculiarities. He was a metaphysician, not a scientific reasoner. He believed in the possibility of constructing his whole theological system from certain *a priori* principles, and cared little for any basis of observation. The one doubt which he mentions as having been at any time troublesome to him concerned the doctrine of everlasting punishment. "It used," he says, "to appear to me as a horrible doctrine." After a time, however, and, as he believed, by a direct providential interposition, he came to recognise the reasonableness of the dogma. His mind rested in this conclusion without even "the rising of an objection against it"; and he finally attained that state of mind to which Calvinists aspire, and not only acquiesced in the opinion that God would reject whom He pleased, leaving them "eternally to perish and be everlastingly tormented in hell," but discovered the doctrine to be "exceeding pleasant, bright, and sweet." He did not indeed dwell so much as some of his fellow-believers upon the more terrible side of their theological system. He was by nature intended to be a meditative professor in a German University, rather than a minister in a restless, money-making colony with a craving for excitement of all kinds. The happiest

* The Works of President Edwards. Worcester, Mass.: 1808.

time of his life seems to have been when he was dismissed by his congregation owing to the strictness of certain rules of discipline which he desired to maintain, and retired to a remote part of the country, where he was assumed to preach to Indians, but really had abundant leisure for spinning metaphysical theories. His sermons, though Calvinistic in their theology, were generally elaborate pieces of calm reasoning; and his temper inclined him less to fiery denunciations of sinners than to mystical meditations in the forest. He took part in a "revival," and tells how the outpouring of the Spirit caused a respectable minister to fall to the ground and "roar with anguish"; how a girl of four years old proved the sincerity of her conversion by terrible remorse after stealing plums; how, as the excitement rose, "Satan was let loose," and induced one gentleman of strict morals to cut his throat; and how people's minds were so much diverted by a visit from His Excellency the Governor, that they returned to their worldly habits. Such scenes were an essential part of the religion of the time and place, and he wrote and thought much about them; but his deepest feelings are more naturally expressed when he describes his pleasure in walking "in a solitary place in his father's pasture," and tells us how he often used "to sit and view the moon for continuance, and in the daytime to spend much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth with a low voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer."

The treatise on the *Freedom of the Will* was obviously the result of many such solitary meditations, and bears the marks of this mode of composition. A man who argues much and carefully with himself has the most perverse and quibbling of opponents. He must spend much time in hunting a fallacy to its most remote fastnesses. He must answer every possible objection that can be raised against his views. If from ignorance of the state of opinion in the world at large he is unable to distinguish between frivolous and serious objections, he will naturally indulge in much superfluous argumentation. A practised master of the controversial style, such as Hume, will be content with laying down his leading principles; he knows what is the key to the enemy's position, and that, if it is once carried, everything else must follow. Edwards labours unnecessarily to meet all kinds of imaginary adversaries, who take up a line of defence which would never occur to anybody, or which had long ago been abandoned by all reasonable men. For want of knowing what would and what would not be admitted by anybody worth considering, he wastes much energy in slaying the dead or destroying mere men of straw. The length of these elaborate refutations of the remotest ramifications of fallacies which nobody maintains makes it impossible to quote any instance. We may, however, notice as a specimen of some of his excursions into obsolete scholastic disputations the examination of the argument that as all parts of time and space are perfectly alike, and God could have no particular motive for creating the world at one moment or part rather than other, He must have exercised free will in selecting the particular time and place in which the world was actually created. The difficulty and its solution would be equally rejected by modern philosophers as belonging to a region beyond the reach of the human intellect; but poor Jonathan Edwards was only confronted by a certain Dr. Whitty, whose Arminian principles he assaults with the utmost vigour in pathetic ignorance that no human being whose opinion was worth notice could take the slightest interest in the refutation or confirmation of Dr. Whitty's arguments. Edwards's labours, however, are by no means confined to a mere beating of the air. Without going into an argument every corner of which is as familiar to controversialists as the plains of Flanders to idiosyncratic strategists, we may briefly indicate Edwards's position by saying that he takes up much the same position that had been previously occupied by Hobbes. The coincidences in some places are so close that it is rather curious to find Edwards defending himself against the unpleasant imputation of what he calls "Hobistical" principles, by declaring that he had never read that heterodox author. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that he is a kind of mean term between Hobbes and Hume, though the description would indicate rather an unpleasant position for an orthodox theologian. He approaches Hume in the prominence which he gives to the argument from universal causation; but, although Hume's essays upon this subject had been published some time before Edwards's work, he is quite unconscious of Hume's remarkable analysis of our ideas of causation, and defines that word in the true metaphysical spirit. Cause, he says, "is any antecedent with which a consequent event is so connected, that it truly belongs to the reason why the proposition which affirms that event is true." He had either not seen or not appreciated the true bearing of the theory which sees in a cause nothing more than an invariable antecedent. That doctrine would have given much greater clearness and consistence to his reasoning. As it is, he states the arguments which are familiar to modern metaphysicians, and which may be found, for example, in Mr. Mill's writings, with great ingenuity and precision. Substantially the same problem has been argued by theologians, by metaphysicians, and by modern men of science. As it occurs at present, it is connected with the discussions about the so-called "reign of law." Edwards brings it up to the point at which it is just ready for that final transformation; but he also argues it with equal acuteness on purely theological grounds. As a single specimen of the neatness with which he sometimes puts his facts, whether satisfactorily

or not, we may quote one sentence from his discussion of the inferences drawn from the Divine foreknowledge:—

Certain afterknowledge [he says] proves that it is now, in the time of the knowledge, by some means or other become impossible but that the proposition which predicates past existence of the event should be true. And so does certain foreknowledge prove that now, in the time of the knowledge, it is by some means or other become impossible but that the proposition which predicates future existence of the event should be true. The necessity of the truth of the proposition, consisting in the present impossibility of the non-existence of the event affirmed, in both cases, is the immediate ground of the existence of the knowledge; there can be no certainty of knowledge without it.

The arguments are of course confirmed by the usual texts from Scripture, but Edwards is in the main a metaphysical reasoner, and may be compared more easily with Hobbes or Spinoza than with Calvin.

The difficulty which has been generally felt as to the justice of punishment on the hypothesis of predestination seems to have had little interest for Edwards. He scarcely deals at all with the subtleties of the Sublapsarian and Supra-lapsarian theories. He contents himself with one of those arguments which probably convince nobody but those who are already satisfied, to the effect that our duty towards an infinite Being must be infinite, and neglect of it therefore deserves an infinite punishment. But he is generally content to rest in the admission that we are in the presence of an inscrutable mystery. His treatise on the Nature of Virtue deals with a different though an allied problem. It contains a singularly complex system, which endeavours to find room for the theories of Hume, Hutcheson, and Wollaston, the writers with whom he was most familiar, and interprets into philosophical language the theological doctrine about actions done before grace. His theory is that virtue consists essentially in the love of God; and that those actions alone are virtuous which spring more or less directly from this source. A kind of subordinate moral sense may be constructed, as Utilitarians say, by means of association of ideas and from purely selfish motives; or, as Adam Smith afterwards argued, it may be partly resolved into sympathy, or, as others have said, into a sense of harmony and the general fitness of things. But, though the Divine virtue includes this lower principle and confirms its judgments, actions proceeding from it alone are not truly virtuous, and therefore cannot be expected to meet with a heavenly reward. On this subject, however, he is hardly as clear or as acute as on the great problem of the Freedom of the Will; and, with all its faults, his treatise upon that subject must be considered as a very remarkable effort of a half-educated understanding.

Edwards tells us that his first impulse to speculation was derived from the study of Locke, and he always speaks of that philosopher with the respect customary amongst writers of the eighteenth century. Doubtless he would have thought it supremely rash in an unknown writer in a remote colony to confront openly so great a name. His intellectual affinities, however, were rather with the school of Leibnitz or the Cartesians; whilst, as we have said, his metaphysics are curiously blended with the old Calvinistic theology. As an illustration of the mode in which the discussions connected with these doctrines gradually prepared the way for speculations of a more modern type, and found expression in a different phraseology, he presents some interesting peculiarities. That he was a thinker of great ingenuity and logical power is evident enough; but he was too far aside from the main current of thought to contribute much to its movement; nor, though he was occasionally quoted by subsequent writers, and, for example, by such speculators in the next generation as Priestley and Godwin, can he be said to have produced any marked effect beyond his own country. There he marks an important turning-point, and deserves to be remembered as one of the most original thinkers whom America has yet produced.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.*

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR is not a tragedy, though high hopes are overthrown; it is not even a sad story, though the heroine dies for love; for the author's sympathies are not with the hopes, and the reader's sympathies are never for an instant engaged by the lady's sorrows.

You've seen a pair of faithful lovers die,
And much you care,

says Dryden's epilogue. We here see one lover die, and really we would not hold out a straw to save her. No one can call the book pleasant reading, for throughout everybody is in the wrong, and everybody is going hopelessly to the bad; but it has thought, and a purpose. It is in fact a satire, veiling a very serious if not a fierce meaning. Mr. Trollope is never very friendly to an aristocracy. He has been all along at pains to show that blood and descent and great possessions are no safeguard against the lowest aims and meanest vices. He is much more alive to the dangers of luxurious idleness than to the stimulus to virtuous action which so many people delight to see in high place and its noble opportunities; but recent scandals seem to have spurred him to a keener sense of the mockery that too often attaches to hereditary honours, turning name and lineage into a machinery for wider exposure and aggravated disgrace.

* *Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1870.

It is certain that great folks hang by one another; people are not as soon ashamed of a well-born scamp as of the social thief of lower quality. Their black sheep, as Mr. Trollope with much iteration delights to call them, are not soon cast off. In his present story he draws a very black sheep indeed, a thorough blackguard; and everybody at least endures, most people court, his company. We are told that George Hotspur, in spite of all his faults, enjoyed a certain social popularity for which many a rich man would have given a third of his income. Dukes and duchesses were fond of him, and persons standing very high in the world did not think certain parties perfect without him. Nor need this pet of society take any pains to appear very different from what he is; rigid principles and a nice sense of honour would, we infer, be quite out of place in the circles where he is a favourite. Moral slipperiness is essential indeed in the friend to whom the rich Lord Altringham can talk of selling a mare who "is given to eating the stable-boys," and has killed one of them, because he can't afford to shoot horses; and who in other matters shows himself quite equal to take care of himself. He welcomes George Hotspur to his house, and advises him to entrap an innocent girl into marrying him; but he won't lend him a shilling, nor bet with him, nor give him any chance of making money out of him. In fact he knows his man, and shows him that he knows him. And Lady Altringham too knows him as thoroughly, and likes him for the same reasons, and because he is useful to her and is one of her set. His debts and scrapes and odour of disrepute, and the rumours of his being too sharp even for money-lenders, go for nothing. The only crime Mr. Trollope represents as cutting off a man from a certain class of fashionable society, and absolutely dulling their sympathies, is cheating at cards. A card-sharper brings his iniquities home to their moral sense; may they not themselves be victims? But this propensity has not yet declared itself, so Lady Altringham throws herself, with a zeal with which he himself can hardly keep up, into the plans for mending his damaged fortunes and reputation by the heiress's gold. She writes his letters for him, she interprets the father's line of conduct, and uses all her acuteness to undermine parental precautions. For knowledge of the world, and utter freedom from scruples, Mr. Trollope has before now endeavoured to show that nobody can equal a peeress, even where the object to be gained cannot be called wholly selfish.

Sir Harry Hotspur, his hero, is altogether of another sort from this loose, easy-going pair. Indeed, if he had owned but a few hundred acres, and had not known the name of his great grandfather, he might have represented our author's ideal of an English gentleman; for in that case his duty would have been simply to his daughter and to existing society, and would not have been complicated by obligations to a long line of dead ancestors. Duty to his daughter would have taught him to hold the dangerous black sheep at arm's length; but his ancestors seemed to exact of him the keeping estate and title together at almost any risk; and, to oblige them, he first vacillates, and then is ready to overlook and condone what no plain honest man could dream of forgiving for an instant, on the principle that blood will show at last, let the mud be ever so deep. Sir Harry by the end of the book arrives at something like a just estimate of his cousin and heir's character, but it remains with his attorney to describe him with appropriate and unflinching force of language. And in the meanwhile he has got a footing at Humblethwaite from which nothing can move him.

It may have been noted that Mr. Trollope is apt to treat love, in the case of young ladies, as a disease for which there is no cure, and the disease is generally most incurable where the object is least deserving. Or we may account for it on the theory of charms and philters, by which the heart is struck down without there being any possibility of help, in the nature of things, from conscience or reason. He represents these young ladies, indeed, as very conscientious after and before the attack; but conscience has nothing to do with contracting the distemper. Somebody comes who strikes them as godlike. He has a way of saying things, there is a glance in his eye, a spring in his step, which overcomes them at once. He proposes, and they promise on the impulse of an inevitable compulsion from within; and then constancy sets in of a pig-headed sort that really puts one very much out of love with a virtue. But the heroine in this story, by reason of her blood and prospects, and a certain hereditary obstinacy which accompanies these gifts of fortune, and chiefly because of the special iniquity of the god on whom she has set her heart, has taken a stronger dose of the poison than any former heroine of the author's long series; and is more blindly, persistently, infatuatedly, extravagantly constant than any plebeian heroine could possibly be. And she has no excuse. When she first comes in contact with Cousin George he has gone through all the stages of his career up to the edge of utter degradation, which we have before stated to be card-sharping; for the suspicion of forgery already attaches to him. And it is moreover explained that though he drank, and was passing from the wine to the brandy stage of intemperance, yet his eye was not always bloodshot nor his hand constantly seen to shake. When at his best he only looks *blasé*; an effect which does not interfere with his beauty. We are told, indeed, that he has gifts of simulation, but this only extends to concealing something of his badness. Emily knows he is handsome, and a Hotspur; and she thinks him clever, which the reader does not; but she never hears him say anything worth saying; her soul is never stirred by anything from his lips, he does not even affect a high tone of honour or patriotism; and almost the first

thing he does is to perpetrate a deliberate lie—not forced from him, but volunteered. Lady Altringham had pressed on him the expediency of giving up racing, beginning with Goodwood. To give up a present gratification for any future good being entirely against his principles, he had pleaded "She would never know"; but the lady understood her sex better. "She will know; don't go, and let her know that you have not gone." George thought that he might go, and yet let her know that he had not gone. An accomplished and successful lie was to him a thing beautiful in itself. So he goes, and when next at Humblethwaite whispers "I did not go to Goodwood after all," winning a grateful smile in return. Within a day or two he makes his offer at a picnic, and with his arm round her waist receives her promise. The lie proves a rash venture, and Emily in course of time is unwillingly obliged to admit that he has lied, but she will not see that this makes any difference in her part of the engagement. Mr. Trollope, without defending his heroine, clearly intends her constancy to find admirers. There is not much in his tone to check any foolish sympathy that girlish readers may indulge with Emily's resolution to throw herself away soul and body because her word is given, though in so doing she is breaking her father's heart. He lavishes many epithets to express her innocence of evil, but we have faith in the fable that real Unas have lions—that is, sturdy principles and active good sense—for their guards, and that embodied purity does not fall a victim to scamps.

However, the point of the moral does not rest with Emily's management of her affections; it lies in another direction, though it may be found embodied in her arguments and her modes of defending her lover. It is enough through her to show the clash of modern ideas with the old feudalism—the subordination of the individual to the family, and of private duty to public—which is represented as belonging in the nature of things to an hereditary aristocracy. Her first line towards this pernicious cousin is indeed perfectly right. Sir Harry does not like to shut his doors against him when he presses for an entrance, though the worst rumours have reached him, because he hankers after the match if only he were a little different from what he is—if it were only debts, only idleness, only ordinary dissipation. So Lady Elizabeth, the mamma, warns her daughter, and hints at his being a black sheep—a breed with which, by name at least, she is already familiar; but Emily, who finds him agreeable, replies with spirit, "Then, mamma, all I can say is, he oughtn't to come here." Being "here," however, society is too strongly on his side for further scruples. When she finds that the man is made welcome both in town and country, she accepts the general verdict in his favour, and does not care to set up a standard of her own. "Papa," she says in reply to a catalogue of his misdeeds, "I have often thought that in our rank of life society is responsible for the kind of things young men do . . . I told him I would always be true to him. I mean to keep my word." "If you find him to be utterly worthless, you cannot be bound by your promise." "If he were worthless," she answers, "who should save him but his nearest relatives? . . . Why was he allowed to come here, he the head of our family, if he be so bad as this? Bad or good, he will always be all the world to me!" The weak mamma, wishing to push her argument to a logical absurdity, asks, "If he were a murderer?" The young lady accepts the conclusion. "Then, mamma, I would be a murderer's wife." This is the highest point of passion which the story reaches—and high enough, our readers will say. In fact, as far as moral sense goes, Mr. Trollope is so alive to the blinding influences of high position that to plebeians alone—nay, to social pariahs—does he allow perception on such matters. There is a certain Mrs. Morton, an actress—as to whom Lady Altringham is very earnest that George should arrange matters, and put himself right with the world before he seriously sets himself to win the heiress—who, as the mouthpiece of the author, expresses opinions of a higher level than the immaculate heroine. "It's all a family arrangement," George is arguing with her; "you don't quite understand." "Of course," she answers, "I don't understand. Such a one as I cannot lift myself so high above the earth. Great families have a sort of heaven of their own, which such as I cannot hope to understand. But, by heaven, what a lot of the vilest clay goes to the making of that Garden of Eden."

All the brightness of the story lies in the portraiture of the black sheep who excites the heroine's tragical passion. Whenever Mr. Trollope addresses himself to the delineation of a scamp there is an evident sense of power, of being in his element, and a consequent *cour léger* which issues in something amusing. We do not suppose he has any hope of enlightening the fair victims of this engaging class by the exposition of a scamp's moral anatomy, for he seems to consider an infatuation of this sort beyond treatment; but he enjoys the analysis on its own account, and likes to expose the weaknesses which keep the sheep still a sheep after the assumption of the wolf's skin, and divest the character of its supposed strength of will and demoniacal terrors. Of course the scamp has a taste for all wrongdoing; but the overmastering temptation with him is a handful of ready money to chink in his pocket, and fling from him right and left. The readers of *Can You Forgive Her?* will remember how Burgo, on the failure of his hopes to make Lady Glencora elope with him, sustains for a few minutes an elevation of rage and disappointed love, which glides, after a quarter of an hour's stroll, with an inevitable process of gravitation, into the more familiar strain of regret and self-reproach at having on any inducement whatever returned some

remains of the money his wicked aunt had lent him for the proposed journey; and George casts aside the last ghost of a scruple, and ruins his chances for life, that he may have two or three hundreds of loose cash to squander in the society of the distinguished Norfolk shooting-party. In fact the scamp proper is incapable of a very keen disappointment. Where cheating on a large scale is denied him, he consoles himself by cheating on a small scale; and George, deprived of the heiress, who he had already found would cost more sacrifice of ease and tastes than he was prepared for, sinks down quite contentedly to marry and be maintained by Mrs. Morton.

The style of *Sir Harry Hotspur* shows signs of greater care than Mr. Trollope always finds it worth while to take. Nature and practice generally enable him to say clearly what he wants to say with very little trouble, but we note perhaps fewer of certain tricks of rapid writing which weary the reader's ears in his recent stories. Some alliteration is inevitable; his infant ear seems to have caught the ring of Peter Piper and his peck of pepper, never to lose it. We conclude with an apology written in this vein:—He has asserted that blackness in the male sheep is regarded by society as venial blackness. "Whether the teller of such a tale as this should say so outright may be matter of dispute; but unless he say so, the teller of this tale does not know how to tell his tale truly."

LIEUTENANT MEADE'S RIDE THROUGH NEW ZEALAND.*

THIS vivid and interesting little book is not in need of the remembrance of the gallant writer's untimely death, nor of the ground modestly set forth by his brother in the preface, to recommend it to the English public. It does, indeed, illustrate a curious phase in the history of New Zealand; and, like the too scanty records of Red Indian life which have come down to us from the earlier settlers in North America, will undoubtedly be one of the sources of their national annals to the New Zealanders, when that race, perhaps then over-populous and over-civilized, looks back with wonder to the romantic days in which vast provinces were shared between wild nature and wilder man. In this respect Mr. Meade's brotherly care is likely to be duly valued a hundred years hence. For us the interest of the book is of another kind; it is not only written in a very fresh and lively manner, but it also gives throughout the impression of a character singularly open, fair, and kindly; it answers closely to our ideal of what a young sailor's private log ought to be, and may justly add to the pride and sorrow of his relations in the loss of one who, whilst yet a boy, gave such excellent promise for the future. And it is these natural gifts which confer a special value upon a book relating, as this does, to intercourse with uncivilized man. That unfortunate class of beings, whom a thoughtful European must always regard with deep interest and with even deeper compassion, is rarely felicitous in his portrait-painters. Visitors to the great Australian and Polynesian groups almost always go with some bias, more or less fatal to a just judgment upon the singular aborigines of those fair regions. Men of science and missionaries are apt alike to carry with them a series of ready-made theories, equally narrow, equally dogmatic, and equally confusing to the pure and equal eye which is essential to right observation and to fruitful record. To persons of this class we are, indeed, indebted for much patient study; what they fail in general to give is the impression that their picture of savage man is authentic. They thrust into him their theology, or their anti-theology, as the case may be; they write with an *arrière pensée* to the Pentateuch or to Mr. Darwin; they are secretly supporting some unscientific theory of the natural religion of man, or some theory of pre-historic times, perhaps not less crude and unscientific. Nor are these "idols of the theatre," and the false lights inspired by them, ordinarily corrected by the traveller for adventure's sake. He is too generally trying to show off, and is apt to be coarsely or flippantly jocular, which he considers "racy," at the expense of his predecessors. Such a traveller does not share in the noble impulse to scientific inquiry; he is incapable of appreciating the energy towards good which leads men to devote their lives to the thankless attempt at converting to better ways the ignorant and degraded. And there is too often an undertone of disappointed license, or of commercial sharp practice, in his comments; one may even see that he is taking the points of the "nigger," and secretly longing to make money out of him, whilst he professes, perhaps, to be the pioneer of some pretentious scheme of armed civilization.

Thus, despite our many travellers, no one who, sitting at home, tries to frame a clear and thorough idea of uncivilized man will have failed to discover how imperfect the materials are for this province of that most important and most curious among all the lines of human research—the history of mankind. This is especially the case in regard to the mind and feelings of the savage, which the traveller, particularly when of a philosophical turn, is apt to infer from the customs of the race, in place of interpreting the customs by the feelings and the mind. These private journals of a young sailor have of course no pretension to completeness in the way of travels; they are in no way philological or scientific, although the merit of the pieces of description is not overrated by Sir G. Grey in the letter prefixed to the book. But the special value of Lieutenant Meade's observations lies in this, that what he

tells of the Maori and other wild races refers to their character, intellect, and dispositions, and is the picture, not only of the dress or diet or dwellings, but of the men themselves. And this picture strikes us as bearing on its face evidence of unusual sincerity. It is the judgment of a fair, open, and generous mind, alive to the serious as well as to the humorous side of savage existence, full of fun and youthful spirits, whilst wholly free from the taint of levity, arrogance, or cynical affectation.

Lieutenant Meade's journey lay nearly from north to south across the centre of the northern or unsettled island of the New Zealand group. Sailing from Auckland, he landed at Tauranga, and presently striking inland, bore along the singular line of volcanic agency which fills the country for sixty or seventy miles with hot springs, lakes, and geysers; until, far in the south-west, the subterranean forces culminate in the huge volcano of Tongariro, the legendary centre of the aboriginal race. This mountain, with another snow-clad neighbour, lay beyond the traveller's range, but supplied a splendid background to the great lake Taupo, where the hostility of the "Kingite" or independent Maoris arrested his journey. Taupo, however, although pre-eminent in size, is not so interesting a lake as that of Rotorua, passed earlier in the journey. Here was the scene of the adventures of Hinemoa, the Hero of New Zealand, although apparently more fortunate than the maiden of the Hellespont in her Leander; and here Lieutenant Meade describes a native settlement which must be almost unique in the singularity of its position and surroundings:—

The whole village is built on a thin crust of rock and soil, roofing over one vast boiler. Hot springs hiss and seethe in every direction, some spouting upwards and boiling with the greatest fury, others merely at an agreeable warmth. From every crack and crevice spout forth jets of steam or hot air, and the open bay of the lake itself is studded far and near with boiling springs and bubbling steam-jets. So thin is the crust on which these men have built their little town and lived for generations, that in most places, after merely thrusting a walking-stick into the ground beneath our feet, steam instantly followed its withdrawal.

Life, however, appears to transact itself pleasantly enough on the brink of the volcano:—

In an open space in the middle of the settlement stone flags have been laid down, which receive and retain the heat of the ground in which they are sunk. This is the favourite lounge; and here at any hour of the day, but especially when the shades of evening are closing round, all the rank and fashion of Ohinemutu may be seen wrapped in their blankets, luxuriously reclining on the warm stones.

Natural warm baths—or rather, one great natural warm bath in the lake—add to the pleasures of the place, which is perhaps destined, centuries hence, to be to that region what Baiae was to the inhabitants of ancient Italy. The whole population is to be found here at evening, and we can well understand that the sight was one not to be easily forgotten. Songs and shouts of laughter from the players in some game came across the steaming water; the old men sat up to their chins in the lake, smoking in solemn conclave; the girls formed a ring "in very shallow water"; and old Ulysses, of whose wanderings we are reminded by the motto which Mr. Meade, with much taste, has selected, would have certainly imagined that he had found the Nymphs or Nereids themselves amongst these youthful beauties, singing their wild song with graceful gestures, and "the moonlight streaming over their well-shaped busts and raven locks." Meantime, a vast geyser within view sent its white wreaths forty or fifty feet into the air every few minutes, while the voices of the maidens were hushed before the sound of the rushing steam, and the fountain rose clear and high beneath the moonlight against the dark ranges of the distant hills and the depths of southern sky. As singular and as charming a combination of interests, one would say, as a traveller has ever been fortunate enough to witness!—The scene is illustrated by a fair drawing, which, with one or two more in the book, show that the New Zealand Turners and Cromes will have no lack of native subjects for their pencils.

Soon after Lieutenant Meade had reached the central lake Taupo, already noticed, he found that the tribes of that district, inflamed to greater animosity against the English and their partisans by a strange religious enthusiasm which for a time had seized them, were too hostile to allow his amicable mission to be prosecuted with success or even with safety. It became necessary, in fact, to escape with speed and secrecy from the gathering warriors of the "Pai Marire"; and although the plan of the Lieutenant and his companion was carefully laid, yet after a few hours' ride they found themselves fairly entrapped within a hostile "pah" or fortified camp. Had this incident of war occurred in Europe, their fate, whatever it might have been, would have been decided at once. But the wild man, wherever he is found, has no sense of the worth of time, and loves to deliberate and hear himself talk. The armed mob of Maoris first performed their savage rites, and then began a long discussion on the fate of their prisoners. They are singularly polite to each other, the author remarks, upon these occasions; bearing themselves, in fact, like natural gentlemen, and with that keen sense of personal dignity to which our levelling civilization is so greatly unfavourable. A native in whose features Lieutenant Meade was philosophical enough to detect a rather humorous air was detached to watch over the prisoner with a tomahawk in close contiguity; and presently cries of "Let the pig be stuck" and the like, announced that the most advanced members of the party were expressing their opinions. At last, when things looked blackest, female kindness, the same all the world over, came suddenly to the rescue. A woman who bore many marks of wounds received from English troops, but who had seen the young English traveller

* *A Ride through the Disturbed Districts of New Zealand; with some Account of the South Sea Islands. From the Journals and Letters of Lieut. the Hon. Herbert Meade, R.N. London: John Murray. 1870.*

some days before, moved by simple generosity towards a stranger, stepped forth and spoke in his favour. Of the arguments used on either side in this curious council Lieutenant Meade could indeed, from ignorance of the language, form but little idea. What at last prevailed seems to have been the intention to let him go free, but to take him off by a sly shot before he could be clear of the countryside. How the Lieutenant escaped this last danger, and through what difficulties he reached the coast, on his return to English life, must be read in his own narrative.

The rest of the volume contains some journals, equally interesting in the same way from their freshness and obvious sincerity, describing a few cruises in the neighbouring island groups. Here many of the curious problems which arise when civilized and savage man come into continued contact are elucidated; and although the writer does not conceal the miserable effects wrought by sectarian rivalry, yet he has the spirit and impartiality to bear decided testimony to the vast overplus of good, mental and physical, which has followed from the effects of European missions. But space compels us to refer our readers for these and many other curious topics to Lieutenant Meade's pages. We conclude with a specimen of his powers, not unworthy to be placed by the side of the pictures given by Humboldt in the *Cosmos*, as a simple describer of nature. The scene is in a forest near Lake Taupo:—

Brilliant parasites and creepers hang from the uppermost boughs of the loftiest trees, straight as cathedral bell-ropes, or, winding from stem to stem with fantastic curves, interlace distant trees, in the very extravagance of their luxuriant beauty.

It is the absence of all living things which renders the silence and solitude of the woods so oppressive. Occasionally a pair of Kaka parrots may be seen wheeling high above the hill tops with harsh discordant cries, or the melancholy note of the great New Zealand pigeon comes booming through the woods; but except at early morning, the traveller may often wander for hours, I had almost said for days together, through the gloom of these woods where the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate, and the breeze passing over the tree-tops through the uppermost whispering boughs may be seen and heard, but cannot be felt. Not a sparrow, not a mouse to be seen—it seems the silence of death; or, more properly, the stillness of the yet unborn.

HALL'S MEMORIES OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN.*

MR. S. C. HALL has been more than usually blessed. The Great Men and Women whom he has personally known amount to the respectable number of one hundred and twenty-one at the least. As he concludes his long list with three &c.s, we should not be far wrong if we were to add fifty more. The only man we ever heard of who could rival Mr. S. C. Hall's experience is the late Captain Lemuel Gulliver. When he was in the country of the Brobdingnags, he knew as many great men and women as there were people in the island. At first we imagined that Mr. Hall's estimate of greatness, like that of Captain Gulliver's, was strictly a relative one, and that every one was great who was greater than Mr. S. C. Hall. He himself tells us indeed, with a modesty which is none the less charming for the Irish bull which it contains, "I do not forget that at the Feast of Poets my seat was below the salt; but

They also serve who only stand and wait."

But after again looking through the list we feel that we should be doing our author an injustice if we did not at once acknowledge that it contains the names of men who, so far from being greater, were not even so great as he. However much they were "mighty 'makers' of the past," Mr. S. C. Hall is even a mightier. For, with the scantiest materials at his service, he has contrived to make a book of 500 pages out of "of the Departed." Mr. S. C. Hall, then, is not one of ourselves, standing on a low level and respectfully gazing up at greatness. The false modesty of the age compels the modern Nestor to disown his own greatness, and, in boasting of the great ones dead, not to boast of himself; but nevertheless in every line of his preface you hear the "quorum pars magna fui." None can judge of the great so well as the great. Mr. S. C. Hall, who is himself great, says that these one hundred and twenty-one men and women (and the three &c.s) are also great. Let us accept his statement.

For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men.

Mr. S. C. Hall, with the truthfulness that is the mark of a great mind, begins by confessing how utterly unprovided he is for the task he has taken in hand. As the editor of the *Amulet*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Book of Gems*, and the *Art Journal* he has no doubt, as he says, "had frequent and peculiar opportunities of personal intimacy with the distinguished men and women of my time." Unfortunately he never availed himself of these great opportunities, for he kept no notes, and with a carelessness which he deprecates he preserved neither the letters, manuscripts, nor communications which he received. Perhaps, however, he gives only a further proof of his greatness in thus attempting a task which most men would pronounce impossible. He has undertaken, with scarcely a single note, to write a Book of Memories of more than a hundred people, and he has actually succeeded so far that he has filled nine square yards of paper with closely-printed type. Since the illustrious Jack out of a single bean raised in one night a stalk so vast that it reached to the sky, we do not know that out of such scanty materials so huge a structure has

been raised. Now that we have read this great work we are surprised that we ourselves never thought of publishing a Book of our Memories, like Mr. S. C. Hall's, "from personal acquaintance." For we cannot but feel that we have quite as good claims as he has to write many of these lives. We once saw Wordsworth drive by us in a gig, we have heard Dr. Croly preach, and we can boast of an uncle who only just missed making the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott. But now that Mr. S. C. Hall has shown the way, it is easy for any one to follow in it. When Columbus had once set up the egg on its end, there was no great merit in making eggs stand.

If Mr. S. C. Hall were not an elderly man, we should have inferred that he had based his style on that of Mr. Wilkins Micawber. It may be, however, that, like Solon, he can boast that he grows old learning something fresh every day, and that he was able, when Mr. Micawber's letters were published, completely to remodel his own style. At all events, if the passage we are going to quote is not in *David Copperfield*, it ought to be included in the next edition:—

The homage I offer is to the past; the heroes I worship are the departed; the friends I call to memory are those of whom all mankind are heirs—Men and Women who for the world's behoof have "penned and uttered wisdom," and who "by written records" which the Destroyer can never "rase out," have inculcated the great lesson so happily conveyed in four expressive lines by one on whom their mantle has descended, and who is the poet of England no less than of America:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time!"

Be theirs the "Perpetual Benedictions" of which the greatest of them all speaks—theirs who have made mankind their debtors to the end of Time!

No doubt Theodore Hook and William Maginn, metaphorically speaking, left footprints behind them on the sands, or rather the mud, of time; but whether these were exactly calculated, like ordinary marks on the sea-shore, to give heart to a brother shipwrecked but still sailing, we are inclined to doubt. At all events, according to their biographer's account, they might both of them have "penned and uttered wisdom" to a far greater extent if they had not unfortunately cut their career short by too great a devotion to the brandy-bottle. Perhaps Mr. S. C. Hall, in classing them among great men, and in asserting the sublimity of their lives, had Dr. Johnson's dictum in view when he declared brandy to be the drink for heroes. We shall in that case be quite prepared to admit that his friends, if not heroes, offered up nevertheless vast libations of heroic drink.

Mr. S. C. Hall, however, was certainly acquainted with heroes of a different sort. With Wordsworth, for instance, he has breakfasted at least once, and he has received from him at least one letter. On the strength of this intimacy he devotes 32 pages to the poet and to the Lake scenery. Those who do not possess a copy of the poet's works will be gratified with the copious extracts that are given from them, and those who do not possess a guide to the Lakes may possibly derive some benefit from Mr. Hall's descriptions. It is not at first sight quite clear what is the connexion between two great men meeting over the breakfast-table and "the realm on which the sun never sets." The missing links are thus easily supplied. In 1831 Mr. Wordsworth honoured Mr. S. C. Hall "with his company at breakfast," and thus entitled him to become his biographer. In 1843, on the death of Southey, Wordsworth was appointed Poet Laureate by Sir Robert Peel. In 1845 he visited London to "kiss hands," and then, in our author's words, "it must have been a touching sight when the venerable white-haired man bent his knee to the young Queen, then barely commencing a reign (in its eighth year by the way) which has been so fruitful of blessings over a realm on which 'the sun never sets.'" We wish that a miracle could happen, and that the sun would just for once set all round the world, if that were possible, at the same time, so as to take this talk out of us. Till that can happen, gentlemen who are likely to "kiss hands" should be careful not to breakfast with Mr. S. C. Hall. Not content with dragging into his book "the sun that never sets," our author has ingeniously managed to introduce a quotation from a memoir that he himself wrote of Wordsworth some thirty years ago. It was certainly in reference to this memoir that he received the letter. But then, comically enough, the memoir is given in the text in large type; while the letter, or rather an extract from it, is hidden away in a foot-note.

To any one who really knows Wordsworth and the country that he so much loved, perhaps the coolest thing in the whole book is the view that is given of the Prince of Wales Hotel at Grasmere. Even if Wordsworth had not been dead before this hotel was built, the whole thing would be absurd. What possible connexion could there be between a modern hotel and the author of the "Waggoner"? But placed where it is, almost in front of the cottage at Town End where he spent the first years of his married life, we feel sure that, if the aged poet had lived to see it built, his heart would have had to find relief in an indignant sonnet, or to burst. Mr. S. C. Hall, from his long connexion with the art world, has no doubt a vast number of illustrations always at command, only waiting to be written about. Mr. Vincent Crummies, we remember, was in like manner embarrassed with a pump and a couple of tubs, which would not readily fit into the plot of any known play. We do not know that he would have been guilty of a grosser absurdity if he had dragged them into *Romeo and Juliet*, than Mr. S. C. Hall is

* A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age. From Personal Acquaintance. By S. C. Hall, F.S.A., &c. London: Virtue & Co. 1871.

guilty of when he illustrates the life of the Lake poet with the view of an hotel.

If Wordsworth could have known the use that would have been made of the breakfast and the letter, he might have addressed his future biographer in the very words that were used to him by another of these "Memories," Dr. Croly. "I must request that nothing whatever shall be said about me or my career in any work of yours, or where you have any influence. I should regard it as the last personal offence." If Mr. S. C. Hall has any more hotel views on hand we trust that he will reserve them to illustrate his own life, and leave our poets alone.

Lengthy as our author can be when he has to do with a Poet Laureate, he can be brief enough when he chooses. As soon as he fairly reaches the end of the 121 Great Men, he makes short work with the three &c.s. So brief, indeed, are his "Memories," that we shall be able to gratify our readers by quoting one at length:—

Some of those who yet live may have known the landscape-painter Hofland, although he was born in 1777 and died in 1843. He was a tall man of some formality of manner, and was not genial, although he loved nature, and was a devout brother of the angle. He was one of the founders of the Society of British Artists, and originated the Artists' General Benevolence Society. His name should not be forgotten, even if there were no other cause for preserving it than that he gave it to one of the most useful writers of our time—dear, good, upright, lovable Barbara Hofland.

It is barely within the limits of possibility that there may still be people yet living aged enough to remember a man who died twenty-seven years ago. We were not before aware that all "brothers of the angle" are usually genial, or that a man's name should be preserved because he has been fortunate enough to marry an excellent wife. If Mr. S. C. Hall's "memory" had been of the "dear, good, upright, lovable Barbara," it would have been more to the purpose. As it is, we regard it as an impertinence on his part to publish to the world that he once knew a tall and formal, but ungenial angler, who helped to found two societies, and was the husband of a "useful writer."

We must at the same time admit that, by that large class of persons who have little or next to no acquaintance with the literature of this or of any other age, Mr. S. C. Hall's work would be found readable enough. It contains a great deal of gossip about literary men, and would find a suitable place on any drawing-room table. It is in fact just the kind of work that one might not unwillingly dip into after leaving the wine and coming back to enjoy the society of the ladies. It would also do extremely well to lie on the table in a dentist's waiting-room.

REHEARSALS.*

IN the days of chivalry there were knights who held back their real names until they had achieved deeds of prowess worthy of them. A like spirit in another field appears to have animated the author of *Rehearsals*. Casting off the *noms de plume*—M.A., and William Lancaster—under which he has heretofore gathered some share of immature laurels, he acknowledges in his own person the riper work now put forth. Such boldness, indeed, argues a sense of enhanced merit on the author's part, but his confidence is justified by honest endeavour and successful performance. Although the title *Rehearsals* conveys, if we understand it rightly, a promise of yet more perfect work in the future, there is on almost every piece in the volume the stamp of mature and finished effort, as distinguished from the crude and fitful experiments of genius feeling its way towards the light. Heretofore in this author's poetry we have seldom been able to praise unreservedly aught that was not in the one vein, in which we think he has few rivals and scarcely one superior, of neo-classical poetry. His *Philoctetes* and *Orestes* had very few drawbacks. In his *Præterita*, *Ecológues* and *Monodramas*, and *Studies in Verse*, a sort of jostling between classical fragments, modern love-verses, and Crabbe-like rural pictures, left the impression that the poet did not know himself or the true direction of his powers. In the present volume some of the best of the old pieces re-appear; and though there is still a wide choice of styles among classic choruses, imitations of Hebrew poetry, versified studies of character, poetic landscapes, and poetic vignettes so to speak, yet over the new and the old alike is thrown a certain uniformity of character. The author has found his gift, and its presence is visible more or less in every piece on which he has now tried his hand. This gift we take to be a compound of rich fancy and imagination, fostered by a keen and loving insight of nature, and kept in check by a sustained and observant study of the antique models which, better than any later examples, supply lessons of form and chasteness to modern verse-writers. In *Rehearsals* the impress of this may be traced throughout; on some of the poems it is so deeply and successfully set that, unless the taste for poetry is extinct, they cannot fail to survive the ephemeral notice which may be drawn to them by magazines and reviews, and to hold their own amidst those samples of the English Muse of the nineteenth century which are worthy to live.

Chief among the pieces for which we anticipate a more than passing favour are "Joan of Arc" and "Pandora," poems very different as to theme and scope, but both instinct with genius, finish, and a high degree of poetic art. In a rhyming metre which is new at least to us, and of singular fitness for the theme

to which it is applied, Mr. Warren makes his readers share the visions and the enthusiasm of the inspired Shepherdess of Domremi, as she tells how her intercourse with "Mary" has nerved her to set lightly by earthly love, to gird with the strength of war the weak frame at which the great captains jest contemptuously, and to succour France in her prostration and extremity. Nothing may have been further from the author's purpose in this striking poem than to seek a factitious element of interest in any reference to passing events; but unquestionably the comparison of the days of "Joan the Maid" with the present low estate of her unhappy country will fail in nought save in the absence of the *deus ex machina* who is to deliver it out of captivity. But the manner of this poem is as remarkable as its matter. It is full of stanzas of an even excellence with these near its commencement:—

I knew thee loud or gentle, far or near,
On thee I brooded day and month and year:
Till the poor herd girl became glorified
Like an old saint with God's voice at his ear.

"What can have crazed you, girl?" my sire would say,
"What gives your eyes that bright and earnest ray?"
For I indeed was strangely beautified,
Seeing I spake with Mary every day.

"These are weak maiden dreamings; you shall wed,
And clear these bubble fancies from your head."
"O, but believe me, girls are often so,
And wives no worse, when all these whims are fled."

The village mothers come with nod and smile;
Indeed, good souls, they vex me with no guile,
To whisper, "Where did that last vision go?"
Girl, get you wed: you wait too long a while."

It is impossible to miss the tone of earnest simplicity which the author has thrown into his stanzas, a tone which his metre admirably seconds. The simile in the fourth line recalls pictures by old masters of some inspired apostle or evangelist; and elsewhere the field of nature is resorted to for an illustration of how God, while resisting the proud, gives grace to the humbler things of His creation:—

He shall remember, and forget not one,
He binds into its orbit many a sun;
Allows the daisy fringes vernal red,
And folds away the flower when day is done.

He binds the broken weed up with his balm,
The sons of pride are crushed beneath his arm.
The iron hills are melted at his tread,
But on the worm his shower and light are warm.

But were we to pick out stanzas which grow upon us in the reading, such as those which tell how Joan's maidens unhelming her at night-time find the iron dint upon her cheek and brow, and which compare the shepherd-girl of Domremi with the shepherd-boy of old that slew Goliath, or again those which describe Rheims Cathedral and the coronation of the "gentle Dauphin," we might do injustice to the rest of the volume, and induce a suspicion that the "Joan of Arc" was exceptional in point of merit. This is far from being the case. "Joan of Arc" is dramatic, highly dramatic, in its way; so too is "Pandora," in its treatment as well as in its form. The same tact which bade our author limit the former poem to the point of Joan's return from Rheims, "the acme of her success," leads him also to confine the fragment of the drama of "Pandora" to the introduction of her by Epimetheus to his wiser Titan brother, to the arguments and pleadings of these personifications of weakness and temptation, and to the epithalamy of the nymphs who rejoice in nuptials solemnized in despite of Prometheus's forebodings. The curtain falls before we learn aught of the ill attendant on that union, of Pandora's box, and the fatal opening of its lid. One can but suspect, from the delineation given of the character of this charming "woe to man," that she is in truth one of the *ἰχθυόεντα* *ἄνθρωποι* of the saw coined by Sophocles. But Prometheus is true to his name in his misgivings about it:—

But this soft creature, with her gracious ways
And warmth and perfume and light fugitive glances,
Whence is her birth, my brother, whence her charm?
Who wove the amber light into her hair,
Who gave her all the changes of her eyes?
Who framed the treasures of her breast, and carved
The balmy marvel of her throat, whose hand
Fashioned the silver curving shoulder down?
Who clothed her limbs with colour like soft fruit?
Who wrought and rounded her swift gleaming feet?

His brother's persuasions savour to him of passion rather than judgment; and his own sagacity errs no further than to pronounce this qualified admission in reference to the fair stranger:—

Mine eyes as thine pronounce her beautiful;
Lovely she is, and true perchance may be:
But this "perchance" is a wide slippery word,
And in its foldings there are many deaths.

For all that appears, however, on the surface of the poem, Prometheus may have been a mere old croaker, and most readers will take the side of the "beauteous evil" whom he so mistrusts, and of whose "bride-beauty" and "love" the nymph-chorus, in a passage of rare metrical grace, declares that they refresh all within their range, and

Make nature listen, if thou dost but move,
And thrill the meadow grasses at thy feet.
The watery saffron, gentian, bloom of light,
The lilies of the moorland, amber-eyed,
Sigh toward thee passing; the dew spider weaves
Weak webs, to tangle thy bright steps aside,
The woodbine reaches ineffectual leaves.

* *Rehearsals: a Book of Verses.* By John Leicester Warren, Author of "Philoctetes." London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

Of the same classical type as "Pandora" is a brief but carefully wrought piece entitled "Daphne," a passing glimpse of her divine wooer in pursuit, a passing breath of his complaints over his baffled quest. One little touch shows, again, how nature serves the poet's purpose, when casting about for an image to represent the fugitive nymph, cowering behind a boulder. She is like,

As some little fern
Draws in its feathery tresses underneath
Some fountain slab, and trembles half the day
At each vale whisper.

Now is this appreciation of the inanimate creation less marked where in "Maga Circe," a rare bit of description suggested by a picture at Rome, he depicts the background of the island scene where

Circe, shining down the gaudy flowers,
Leans centre light of all this paradise.
One ancle gleams against the margin turf,
Just beyond where the wave teeth cease to bite,
And sea pinks grow less rosy near her feet.

One would say of this last extract that it is an echo of Theocritus, but in fact the resemblance is only one of manner and form, and here, as elsewhere, Mr. Warren avoids any further debt to the classics which he sets such store by. Thus the "Lament for Adonis" is no mere reproduction of Bion. The sweet Sicilian limited his monody to the dull, sad phases of the sense of loss. The modern singer consoles the enamoured Queen with the inspiring language of hope. "Only Love and Nature are immortal." "Nature and Love alone are ageless powers"; and it was the mercy of the former that sealed Adonis's eyes, to spare him and his mistress the long withering of Tithonus. We could willingly dwell upon another of the classic themes, which is in a manner new, because appearing in this volume in a new dress—that of rhyme. We mean the "Ode to Pan," which, with the exception perhaps of the "Death of Heracles," was the best thing in Mr. Warren's *Philoctetes*. But we are constrained to pass it over with the remark that the labour of turning blank verse into rhyme, undertaken, it is possible, at our suggestion, is in this instance anything but labour lost. Instead of fettering, rhyme has expanded the range of fancy, conducting withal to lucidity, and now and then admitting fresh thoughts and images which the broken lengths of line in an unrhymed chorus had a tendency to thrust out.

Of the class of poems after the Hebrew manner which we find in the volume before us, that which pleases us most is "Expostulation," the fruit of readings in the prophetic books, from which Mr. Warren does not so much borrow the imagery as attempt to match it with parallel and cognate illustrations. The "Hebrew Lament after Defeat," and the "Heathen to his Idol," are vivid and powerful utterances, but more abrupt and less sustained. A more attractive vein of poetic metal to many readers will be found in the two studies of character—monologues perhaps we should call them—which are headed "Machiavel in Minimis," and the "Count of Senlis at his Toilet." In the former of these we have the philosopher confessing his inability to read the riddle of man's inconsistency and practical denial of the adage about the devil and the broth he's boiled in. The puzzle, he thinks, would be less difficult

If only and if always men as these
Were black and white about it; but confound
These neutral tints unfit for heaven or hell.

The nonchalant way in which, when it suits his purpose, he contrives to oust the Countess Emma from her first place in the ducal favour, and describes how she takes to piety in her retirement, very much after the fashion of Becky Sharp, is extremely racy. The companion picture is that of a selfish exquisite rating his valet, and turning a deaf ear to his dependents. The burghers of Senlis must starve rather than its Count should not have his points trussed, his beard trimmed, his dress-sword adjusted to a nicety. Here is a stave of his oburgation, which is a sample of the rest:—

Why you lean hound, whom mange will soon destroy
And save your hanging, where's the scabbard brace?
See you have made it stick right out behind,
Like Satan's sister's broomstick.

Of the rest of the volume some portion consists of songs, sonnets, and lyrics, mostly redolent of fancy, and full of care and finish. "A Frosty Day" and "At Evening" are vignettes from nature-study, exquisite in their kind. Of several graceful sonnets we would point the reader to "Daffodils" as a choice specimen; while the song "He may who can" has a veritable smack of the Elizabethan dramatists. A yet larger portion is made up of palinodes and quasi-palinodes, a list of scattered lyrical denials of the lastingness of love, beginning with "How it ends" and ending with a "Leave-taking," "Mutation," "Freedom or Fetters," and other similar headings introduce more or less outspoken treason to love's abiding power, and touch a little harshly a chord upon which the best of poets might harp to weariness. In a much higher and nobler strain are two poems entitled "Regret" and "Misrepresentation"—the one a retrospect of singular tenderness and pathos, introducing sentiments called up from the depths of the heart; and the other a noble vindication of which any poet might be proud to be the author. With the citation of this last we conclude our survey of "a book of verses" of which Mr. Warren will have no cause to regret his admitted parentage, and which, unless we are greatly mistaken, will assert for him a place among contemporary poets:—

Peace, there is nothing more for men to speak;
A larger wisdom than our lips' decrees.

Of that dumb mouth no longer reason seek.
No censure reaches that eternal peace,
And that immortal ease.

Believe not them that would disturb the end
With earth's invidious comment, idly meant.
Speak and have done thine evil; for my friend
Is gone beyond all human discontent,
And wisely went.

Say what you will, and have your sneer and go.
You see the specks, we only heed the fruit,
Of a great life, whose truth—men hate truth so—
No lukewarm age of compromise could suit.
Laugh and be mute!

THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF ST. GEORGE.*

THIS is one of the things which fairly land us in Nephelokokkylgia—no bad quarters perhaps in days when the affairs of armies and governments are so largely carried on by means of balloons. Here is a quarto pamphlet of 32 pages, with two illustrations, the price of which is half-a-guinea, and for which it is clearly expected that people will give their half-guineas, for it is announced on the outside that it is "Published in Aid of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War." Perhaps we may be mistaken, but, according to such experience as we have of such matters, we cannot think that the sick and wounded will be greatly helped by the sale of a half-guinea pamphlet, setting forth the claims of His Imperial Highness the Prince Johannes X. Ducas Angelus Comnenus Paleologus Rhodocanakis to be lawful Grand Master of the Imperial Constantinian Order of St. George, and seemingly also to be lawful heir to the Empire of the East. We do not come across Imperial Highnesses every day, but it is something to find that the Imperial Highness with whom we have just now to deal is prepared for all the ups and downs of fortune, that he has made up his mind beforehand what will be the thing for him to do in the case of his restoration to the Byzantine throne; nay, that he looks further—that he is prepared for the usual lot of a Byzantine Emperor, and, in short, for any conceivable "revolution of Imperial fortune" which may turn up:—

It may be satisfactory to premise the following observations, on the Imperial Constantinian Order of St. George, by remarking, that the latter is held in *trust*, by the heir and representative of the last reigning sovereign of the Byzantine Empire, as its lawful guardian, and cannot be otherwise disposed of, save by the restoration of that Empire, when, indeed, an adverse decision of the people would necessitate its surrender; but without prejudice to the inherent pretensions of the present representative's family, which would simply again lapse into abeyance, until some future revolution of Imperial fortune should once more revive them.

Now we must make a very painful confession, which lowers us deeply in our own eyes, and which will no doubt lower us still more deeply in the eyes of His Imperial Highness the Prince Rhodocanakis—namely, that, till His Imperial Highness's pamphlet was put into our hands, we had never heard either of the Imperial Constantinian Order of St. George or of the Imperial house of Rhodocanakis. And now, having, as in duty bound, tried to find out something about both, we have found out a little as to the Imperial Order, but nothing at all as to the Imperial house. The *Familie Auguste Byzantine* of that diligent Ducange who, as Gibbon truly said, "prided into every corner," fail us when we try to find out something about the august house of Rhodocanakis. But Ducange, in a passage quoted by His Imperial Highness, and which we have verified in the original, does incidentally speak of the Order of St. George, though he does not speak of it with quite the same reverence as is shown towards it by the Prince Rhodocanakis. As for the Order, it seems now to have something to do with Freemasonry, just as we believe that, notwithstanding all the labours of Philip the Fair, there still are people who call themselves Knights Templars, though whether they worship a cat or not we cannot say. There has been some kind of dispute or other, in which the wrath of the Prince Johannes X. &c. &c., has been vehemently kindled against certain usurpers of his rights. Into all this we the uninitiated cannot enter; we leave the arguments on both sides—or on all sides, for there seem to be more sides than two—to be discussed in the *Freemasons' Magazine* and *Masonic Mirror*. As ever, we decline to exercise ourselves in great matters which are too high for us, and we can preserve the strictest neutrality between His Imperial Highness the Prince Rhodocanakis and his rival the Right Honourable Lord Kenlis, Most Illustrious Grand Sovereign. We suspect that the matter concerns the world exactly as much as if a question were to arise as to who ought to take the chair at the nearest lodge of Odd Fellows. Of the Imperial Constantinian Order we therefore take a respectful leave, only asking of the Prince Rhodocanakis whether he is anyhow able to tell us the exact Greek for "So mote it be."

The Order then may go along with its fellow orders, along with the Ancient Order of Foresters or with the "Ordre du Chien et du Coq," of which the Prince Rhodocanakis speaks so contemptuously. But when the Prince goes on to help us to new facts in Byzantine history, for which he quotes no authority and for which we cannot find any, the thing is getting more serious. It may be our ignorance—if so, we shall be ready to do penance in any befitting

* The Imperial Constantinian Order of St. George. A Review of Modern Impressures and a Sketch of its true History. By His Imperial Highness the Prince Rhodocanakis. In Two Parts. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

white sheet—but we never before heard of Niképhoros Doukas, who, according to the Prince Rhodocanakis, received, early in the tenth century, “the high and invidious title of *Vasileus*, or King of the Island of Rhodes,” and who “in order to distinguish himself from the other branches of his family, added after his family name that of RHODOCANAKIS; a composition of the words *Rhódos* and *Anaké*, King of Rhodes (*Rhódos-anaké*, *Rhodocanakis*, *Rhodocanakis*).” We confess that we should like to see these very odd forms, which, as spelled, suggest a son of Anak quite as much as an *ávaξ ἀνδρῶν*, written in intelligible Greek letters; but the Prince Rhodocanakis seems to have a strange fancy for the tongue of the Western schism; for when he has occasion to quote Niképhoros Bryennios, he quotes him in the Latin crib. So we have seen William of Poitiers quoted in French; so we have seen references to “*Salviani*’ *Governo de Dio*” (commonly called *Salvianus de Gubernatione Dei*) and to “*St. Augustine*’s work *La Cité de Dieu*.” But we would gladly have Niképhoros Bryennios, or any other responsible historian, quoted in any tongue not being agglutinative or monosyllabic, if he could throw any light on this mysterious Niképhoros Doukas and his no less mysterious Kingdom of Rhodes. The whole story sounded to us like one of those things which are too strange not to be true. To be sure we had never heard of Niképhoros Doukas or his Rhodian kingdom, but that we should have forgotten it or never heard of it seemed less amazing than that the Prince Rhodocanakis or anybody else should have dreamed or invented it. Yet it is a little hard that, at the end of a very long note setting forth the glories of the house of Rhodocanakis—the same note which contains the Latin extract from Niképhoros Bryennios—we get no better reference than

See also *Freemasons’ Magazine* and *Masonic Mirror*, Aug. 28, Oct. 30, Nov. 13, Dec. 4, 1869, &c. &c., and John Yarker, Jan.’s *History of the Order of the Temple* (Manchester, 1869, in 8vo.), p. 31.

In our lower world, from which the Templars vanished early in the fourteenth century, we have the means of referring to Niképhoros Bryennios, but we have no means of referring to the *Freemasons’ Magazine* and *Masonic Mirror*. A reference to a contemporary Byzantine writer would have been best of all, yet a reference to Ducange, Gibbon, or Finlay would have been quite enough; but it is too tantalizing to send us for the facts of Byzantine history in the tenth century to the *Freemasons’ Magazine*. Still we have done what we could; we have turned to several books old and new, and we can find nothing about Niképhoros Doukas or his Rhodian kingdom. Still it is quite possible that it is our fault, and that these great events may be recorded somewhere. For, when the Prince went on to say that his family suffered much in the massacre of Chios in 1822, we turned to our *Trikoupés*, and in vol. ii. p. 190, we found distinctly enough the name of Παντελής Ροδοκανάκης. Rhodokanakes then—or Rhodocanakis, if the Prince likes it better—is a real name; but the fact of a man being one of the chief men of Chios early in the nineteenth century does not prove that his forefathers were Kings of Rhodes early in the tenth. The existence of Panteles however is something, and having got thus much of common ground, we look with one degree less of surprise on the following magnificent description:—

It may be mentioned that in the House of Rhodocanakis, as must be well known to those of our readers who are more or less familiar with the long annals of the Byzantine Empire, are at the present moment represented not only nearly all the extinct historical and once powerful families of the Byzantine Empire, on which throne they sat for generations—the Ducas, Phocas, Lacapenos, Comnenos, Botaniates, Argyros, Angelos, Bryennios, Palaeologos, Vatatzes, Lascaris, Cantacuzinos, &c.—with whom that House were allied over and over again, while reigning, for centuries—but also those who reigned over the ancient kingdoms of Armenia, Iberia, Bulgaria, Georgia, Albania, Hungary, &c. Space will not allow of more than a brief historical sketch of this House, so memorable for its vicissitudes, and we must therefore simply confine ourselves to a mention of some of the illustrious European families, representatives of some of which still exist, and which are of the same blood—viz. the Kings of France, the Grand Dukes of Muscovy (now Emperors of Russia), the Counts, and afterwards, Dukes of Savoy (now Kings of Italy), the Dukes of Austria (now Emperors of Austria and Kings of Hungary), the Dukes of Brunswick, the Marquises of Montferat (extinct), the Norman Kings of the Two Sicilies (extinct), the Princes of Antiochia, the Counts of Sultzpachen, in Bavaria; and in more modern times (fifteenth to nineteenth centuries), those of the Princes or Dukes.

The Prince goes on with a prodigious list of Italian and other noble names, but one must draw the line somewhere; so we will draw it at the Counts of Sultzpachen, whose history, if they are the same as the Dukes of Sultzbach, we have looked up with some little pains, but have not been able to find their point of affinity to Panteles of Chios.

We are bound also to state that the Prince engraves a “copper coin struck during the reign (A.D. 914–929) of Nicephorus Ducas Rhodocanakis, first King of the Island of Rhodes and founder of the Royal and Imperial House of Rhodocanakis”—but unluckily the coin is not in the British Museum or anywhere else where ordinary mortals can get at it, but “in the possession of His Holiness Pope Pius IX.” As far as we can make out, the legends on the two sides are—in a mixture of Greek and Latin letters—ΝΙΚΙΦΟΡ ΔΕΚΑΣ Ο ΡΟΔΟΚΑΝΑΚΙΣ and ΝΙΚΙΦΟΡ ΕΝ ΘΕΟ ΕΥΣΕΒ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΡΟΔΙΟΝ. We leave it to professed numismatists to decide whether, according to their rules, anything of the kind is possible. Certainly, nearly everything does seem possible in that part of the world. Still, as earnest searchers after truth, we should really like to be sent for facts which are utterly strange to us to

some more accessible authorities than the *Freemasons’ Magazine* and a coin in the possession of His Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth.

PICTURES OF COTTAGE LIFE.*

A CLEVER man once said that almost every successful novel had in it more or less of an ethnological element. If this be so, then *Pictures of Cottage Life* has one distinct qualification for success; and we are glad to be able to say not only one, for, slight as Miss Poole’s work is, it is on the whole well done, and aims at nothing more than what has been fairly accomplished. And indeed in her very simplicity she has shown her wisdom as well as her modesty, “throwing off” with what is well within her compass, rather than with a more ambitious kind of thing beyond the powers of any untrained author. Miss Poole understands her subject, too, which is another gain; and though she has idealized her characters more than Tregelles in his *Cornish Tales*, or than the author of *Peasant Life in the North* has done, that is only what might be expected from the natural daintiness of a lady-writer unable to divest herself of the conventional niceness inseparable in her mind from true refinement, even for the sake of severe truth in her art. Hence she must be forgiven her defects of costume and local colour, as when she talks of the “little hand” of a working peasant girl, or ascribes to men and women born and brought up in the close familiarity and unabashed freedom of an English cottage home all the tremulous modesty and shy reserve of the most carefully nurtured gentlefolks. This fault is so universal among the lady delineators of homely manners that we cannot in justice blame Miss Poole for her share in it as severely as else we should, holding it to be simply one of the signs of sex in authorship, and as such accepting it patiently, and not making it of more account than it is worth. This characteristic sacrifice of a stern and rugged and consequently unlovely truth for the more soft and silken culture to which she is accustomed is shown in the very preface, where, speaking of the orthography in which she seeks to convey the Western dialect, Miss Poole says:—

We could not bring ourselves to barbarize our page by framing our orthography upon the model of those phrase-books which profess to teach travellers how to pronounce a foreign language, by phonetic spelling. Where a letter is left out in speaking we have omitted it, and supplied its place with an apostrophe; but we have, almost always, refrained from making those alterations which, when written, look so uncouth as to be repellent to most readers, such as putting *z* for *s*, devising combinations to express the sound of the vowels, or doubling letters to convey that peculiar prolongation of the voice by which monosyllables are often converted into dissyllables.

But she goes on to say:—

This does not by any means involve a sacrifice of all that is individual and characteristic. On the contrary, it is our opinion that idioms are, in reality, more distinctive than pronunciation; and the dialect which is spoken in Somersetshire and, with but little variation, in Dorset likewise, is characterized by idioms which are highly individual and peculiar, and which we have taken great pains to preserve. Such as, for example, the invariable use of the auxiliary verb *do* in forming the present and the imperfect of the indicative; the accumulated negatives; and the curious habit of repeating the point of the sentence in an inverted form at the end of it, with a strong emphasis on the nominative case, so that the following expression “I know nothing at all about it,” would expand into “I don’t know nothin’ at all about it, not I don’t.” The genitive case after the present participle, and the use of “I be,” “thou be’st,” “he be,” instead of “I am,” “thou art,” “he is,” are similar instances of grammatical peculiarities which are not merely common but general.

On the whole Miss Poole redeems her promise pretty fairly, and reproduces the Western mode of speech with tolerable accuracy, but she rarely ventures on any purely local words; and sometimes, as where she makes Mrs. Horncastle speak of “Miss Emily’s trousseau,” she dashes into fashionable phrases impossible to the person speaking.

There are five stories in this little volume, which we may epitomize by saying that “For Better for Worse” is the longest and most dramatic; “My Sister Rosa” the most weird and sensational; “Without a Character” the least probable; “Other Folks’ Children” the most touching; and “Betty Slater’s Skeleton” the most natural in point of colouring, if less vivid in the matter of its story than some others. Old Betty herself is a marvellously lifelike character. The “mother of seventeen as had brought up ten,” who had never come on the parish but had kept herself tidy and respectable through all her fierce struggle, garrulous but strong-minded, unforgiving in appearance but tender-hearted within, and longing for reconciliation with the daughter who had offended her, a fine-looking old woman who had never been handsome in her youth (is “never” a misprint for “once”?) she is a typical village character—as is her hut, unfortunately, also typical of one kind of rustic dwelling. It was a mere mud hut, which she and her husband had put up, it must have been nearly fifty years ago; the interior was divided into two unequal portions by a lath and plaster division, and the accommodation for the seventeen born if not reared had been increased by the addition of a “lean-to,” which, as the children either died or went out into service and the world, got disused from its original intention, fell into a half ruin, and became a pigsty. We well know this kind of cottage, which Miss Poole describes as “one of those rudely constructed tenements which are sure to rise out of the earth somehow or other, apparently partly built by human hands, and partly

* *Pictures of Cottage Life in the West of England*, By Margaret E. Poole. London: Macmillan & Co.

a natural product of the soil, wherever a strip of waste land, wide enough to grow a house, has accidentally been left by the side of the road." But we never saw one so well furnished as old Betty Slater's, nor so blockaded and choked with property. Betty's little brush with the Vicar's daughter is to the life. To the world in general the old woman was supreme. Every one paid her the most profound deference, which Betty received with condescending graciousness, as her right. One person only, the Vicar's daughter, a young lady of great decision of character, did once venture to rebel against the popular feeling, and actually objected to Betty's housekeeping, to Betty's own self, and advised her to give her dirty evil-smelling hut a thorough good cleaning:—

Betty listened in wrathful wonder, and replied with Christian forbearance. She did hope, she observed, that the young lady would one day know what 'twas to be married, and to be the mistress of a house; and then, may be, she might begin to have some notion what it took to keep a place clean.

"Anyhow, Miss," she added, with a benevolent smile, "if I was you, I'd give over tryin' to talk o' managin' to the mother of seventeen as have brought up ten."

"Oh, Betty, I did not mean to hurt your feelings," began the Vicar's daughter.

"No, no, Miss," was the answer, "you haven't no call to vex yourself 'bout o' that, not you haven't. You bain't very old not yet, Miss, an' a body can make allowances!"

And the Vicar's daughter somewhat hastily took leave, and awkwardly made good her retreat back through the various obstacles which seemed especially intended to place visitors at a disadvantage.

In "Other Folks' Children" the story turns on the adoption by a hard-working couple of two infants belonging to a disreputable virago who placed them in the woman's hands and then left the neighbourhood. Poor Ruth Stevens, a soft-hearted little woman, had just lost her first and only baby, and was fretting herself to death in consequence, when Susannah Bird, the virago in question, thinking it a "good move" to trade on her excited feelings, brought in her own two children, tended the weeping mother in a rough but kindly fashion, paid ten shillings for a fortnight's keep, and then went out into the darkness and was never seen again. And naturally, when husband Robert came home from his coasting voyage, he was not a little disgusted to find his own child dead and a couple of small cuckoos in its place. Being a just man as well as a wrathful, he kept the two foundlings the stipulated and paid-for fortnight, and then he fulfilled his threat, and carried them off to the workhouse, leaving Ruth as desolate and heartbroken as she had been before. But he too had learnt to love the poor children with the proverbial fondness of sailors for "young uns," so after a few days of gloom and self-dissatisfaction he goes to the workhouse, takes out the children, and brings them home in his arms. His description of the transaction is worth giving. In reply to his wife's remark, when she has the restored baby in her arms, that she "hasn't much opinion of they pauper nurses":—

"Nor yet I haven't either," cried Robert emphatically. "You do know, my girl, that there job on the Quay were finished this mornin', an' thinks I, I'll just go an' have a look at they child'n. So when I sees Tommy, 'Tommy,' I says, 'be't happy, my chap?' So he don't answer straightforrad—cunnin' little lad—but puts his face close to mine, an' do whispy in my ear, 'Take I home, Daddy.' So I put up down, an' gied he some sucks to quiet he; an' then a ill-favoured kind o' girl come in w' Baby. Says I, 'Tis a nice little thing, ain't it?' Says she, 'Tis a little cryin' baggage, an' a body can't get no rest at night wif'."

"Tis as quiet a child night times as ever you see," cried Ruth, indignant. "Well, I said naught," continued her husband, "'cause don't'ee see, where was the use? An' after a bit I riz up to go; but bless your heart, my dear, you should ha' seen Tommy. I do think if I'd ha' left an' he'd ha' screamed himself to death, an' clutched hold o' me like a drownin' man, he did! Says I, 'Tommy, let go, my dear, an' I'll come and see thee again.' Says he, 'Pont let go; take I to Mammy Ruth.' Then they began to pull up off me, an' how he did fight an' scream, an' beg an' pray, all to once. An' (there was a sudden choking in the sailor's voice) "I couldn' abear to leave un, so I just took an' brought un away. An' as I were bringin' the one, I couldn' leave the tother: specially as thik nurse were such a ill-favoured un. So I just took and brought the baby too—an' that's all about it."

It is pleasant to know after this that the adoption answered; that the young couple never had any children of their own; that the virago did not return to claim those she had left; and that the old fairy tale maxim of a good action not going unrewarded found its fulfilment here.

From the extracts we have given it can be seen how simply and yet graphically Miss Poole deals with her subject of peasant life. More might perhaps have been made of it, and especially there might have been a greater sense of humour, and a rougher, more jovial, and less sentimental side of the West Country people shown. But this too is a question of sex, very few women being able to compass anything like humour, more particularly of the popular kind, or to delineate the quaint dry fun which men seize and understand as intuitively as women seize and understand sentiment and emotion. There is more fun, and pathos too, in "Muckle Jock's Courtship," in *Peasant Life in the North*, than in the whole of Miss Poole's volume; but this does not lessen the excellence of what is excellent in her, or make us ungrateful for such amount of interest as she has been able to excite in us. The book is a pretty, ladylike, and graceful attempt to render peasant life and modes of thought interesting and intelligible to cultivated readers; and, on the whole, it is far more like the real thing than most of such work, and is therefore valuable in proportion to its truthfulness and simplicity.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

TALES from Chaucer in Prose. By Charles Cowden Clarke. (Lockwood and Co.) Mr. Clarke aims at bringing Chaucer somewhat within the reach of young people, but we are glad to say that he avoids that commonest of all errors in children's books, the use of condescendingly easy language. We wish that all writers of books for the young would bring home to their minds the fact that, so long as young people can understand the English of the Bible, they do not require that their stories should be told to them in words of one syllable or in phrases that have an affectation of simplicity. Mr. Clarke has been happy in preserving not a little of Chaucer's style, though he has turned him out of poetry into prose. In turning over the leaves we have observed, however, two notes which are not a little surprising. Unless Chaucer were a prophet as well as a bard, he could scarcely have referred to an event which occurred some fifty years after his death. Mr. Clarke (Shakspearian as he is) should not have confused Jack Straw with Jack Cade, nor made a poet who died, as he himself tells us, at the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. refer to an event that happened in the reign of Henry VI. Mr. Clarke's law is as unsatisfactory as his history, for he tells us that "the law of this country and I believe of all commercial countries is, that no man can claim in a court of justice a larger interest than five per cent., or 105*l.* for the loan of 100*l.* By ingenuity, however, this law is broken every day by persons not Jews—at least in name and religion." We notice with regret these inaccuracies in a book which has otherwise much to recommend it.

The Wonders of Engraving. By Georges Duplessis. (Sampson Low.) This work—a translation from the French—is very readable, and is evidently the result of a great deal of hard study. It is illustrated by some admirable photographs of early engravings. Among these we would especially refer our readers to the frontispiece—a St. Christopher; and to Albert Dürer's St. Jerome. Some of the wood engravings scarcely seem to us so good as we might have expected. At all events Hogarth would have had good cause to complain, could he have seen the specimen given of his "Marriage à la Mode."

The Whispers of a Shell. By Francis Freeling Broderip. (Griffith and Farran.) Though we have many a time in our childhood listened to the whispers of a shell, we do not know that we ever came across any that whispered so prettily as the one that it now has been our good fortune to find. Mrs. Broderip's story is very graceful; full, too, of a pathos that is not unworthy of the daughter of Thomas Hood. For boys, who perhaps do not care so much for pathos as their sisters, it will be found that the shell has some strange adventures to narrate, to which perhaps even they may condescend to listen.

It is not necessary to do more than briefly mention elegant reprints of *Campbell's Poems* (Griffin) and *Lockhart's Spanish Ballads* (Murray).

Illustrated Flying Sheets for Young and Old. (Trübner and Co.) These illustrations by German artists are in many cases very comically drawn, and will afford great amusement, at all events to little people. It could be wished, however, that the German poet whose works are thus illustrated had found an abler translator. There is little metre and less rhyme in such a couplet as the following:—

Here is something to gaze and to gaze at:
With an ape on his arm, a sorrow lad.

Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume for Young People. Edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. (Bell and Daldy.) There are certain books which get looked for by young people at this season almost as eagerly as plum-pudding and mince-pies can be, and among these must be reckoned, we should imagine, *Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume*. The frontispiece is interesting to old people as well as to young, being an excellent photograph of a doll-house of Queen Anne's reign. We learn that it belonged to the children in the palace of Bishopthorpe, and that it is "left as the children left it who played with it more than a century and a-half ago." It ought surely by this time to be haunted by the ghost of a doll.

Thorley's Illustrated Farmers' Almanack deserves a special notice to itself. It contains an external view of Mr. Joseph Thorley's Works, and an internal view; a bird's-eye view of "Selina Villa, Finchley, the residence of Joseph Thorley," and illustrated engravings of two "original paintings in the possession of Joseph Thorley." Great as are the artistic merits of this contribution to English literature, its historical merits are almost greater. We learn from it that on January 15 "Orsini attempted ass. Napoleon III., 858"; that on March 2 "*Horice Walpole died*" (year not given); that on March 27 (Monday) the gooseberry flowers, that Brazil was discovered in 1700, and last, but not least, that Joseph Thorley was born at Hull on September 30, 1826.

The Universe—or, the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. By F. A. Pouchet. (Blackie and Son.) As we have in a past year already noticed this magnificent work, it is not necessary to do more than call attention to this new and revised edition. The author is not, we infer, a believer in Mr. Darwin's theory. If, however, he were to compare the "gigantic Lycoperdon, or puff-ball," which in one night acquires the bulk of a child of ten years old, and produces about 96,000,000 cells a minute, with the letters of an illustrious Special Correspondent, he would see that it is not after all quite improbable that the animal and vegetable world come from one and the same stock.

We need do no more than record the appearance of a ninth edition of *British Rural Sports*, by Stonehenge. (Warne and Co.) An earlier edition we reviewed at some length, in favourable terms.

Essays on Natural History, by Charles Waterton. Edited by Norman Moore, B.A. (Warne and Co.) Mr. Waterton's writings were always acute, lively, and interesting, and the present collected edition of his essays will be found very acceptable. In his enthusiasm for field-sports, his obstinacy, and his undisguised contempt for the Hanoverian rat, he reminds us greatly of honest Squire Western. Both apparently were of opinion that, with the coming in of the grey rat and the Guelphs, things came to a bad pass in England. It is curious that a man so fond as Mr. Waterton was of Latin quotations should have entertained such hostility towards all scientific nomenclature. Young people, however, will find these essays none the less delightful on account of the absence of all hard names. As for the quotations, they are recognisable in a moment, and are easily avoided. With these essays we would class *Our Domestic Pets*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. (Routledge.) This is a very interesting and clearly written little book, and should be a great favourite with all young people, unless indeed there be any so ill-conditioned as neither to have, nor to want to have, a pet. The illustrations by the Brothers Dalziel greatly add to the value of the book.

The Sea and its Wonders. By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. (Nelson and Sons.) This volume is, generally speaking, written in a clear and interesting style, and is adorned with a great many illustrations. An intelligent child would read it with interest, and would by the time it reached the end know a great many curious facts. We are surprised to learn, however, that one of the reasons which induced the English to send supplies to Dr. Kane in his expedition to the open Polar Sea was their wish "to spread the knowledge of the Bible through the most remote regions." Among the many absurdities of which missionaries have been guilty, we had not before heard that any had attempted to evangelize countries that were altogether destitute of inhabitants. Perhaps there were some who understood Bishop Heber's hymn too literally, and wished really to see Christianity "spread from pole to pole." The Americans showed, at all events, a just appreciation of these enthusiastic efforts, and conferred a proper compliment on the head of the expedition. "His name," we are told, "was Elisha Kane. He had the title of Dr. Kane given to him."

The Broad, Broad Ocean. By William Jones, F.S.A. (Warne and Co.) This book is written for rather older children than the work we have just noticed, and it is not adorned by nearly so many illustrations. Wherever it is opened boys will find both instruction and amusement. At the same time we could have wished that it had not been interspersed with somewhat inflated sentences. In the course of ages boys perhaps may come to enjoy such language as the following. At present, we are afraid, they will think it not fair, unless given in a regular sermon. "How wondrously solemn and grand, my dear young friends, are these inspired and holy words! What human imagination can fully realize their sublimity?" By the way, this work is stated to be adorned with original illustrations. We notice, however, that the picture of the Nautilus (p. 195) is exactly the same engraving as the frontispiece to *The Sea and its Wonders*. Between the two which can lay claim to the "old original" illustration we cannot pretend to decide.

Old Merry's Annual. (Hodder and Stoughton.) We scarcely think it needful to notice this Annual, for we have the editor's assurance that his readers "cannot fail to admire the Annual now it comes to you clothed in its brilliant colours and sparkling with its golden glory."

A Medley of Notables. By G. F. S. (Partridge and Co.) This little book contains on one side of each page a quotation from some well-known author, and on the other side a brief notice of this author by other authors. If we turn to Shakespeare, for instance, we find quoted Dame Quickly's description of Falstaff's death, while there are given notices of Shakespeare by Keats, Ben Jonson, Browning, Barnefield, and by some anonymous writer who likely enough is the editor. From him we learn that "Shakespeare went before all men, and stands in the array of human intellect like the sun in the system, single and unappropriated."

Marmaduke Merry the Midshipman. By W. H. G. Kingston. (Bemrose and Sons.) This book reminds us a good deal of our old friend *Peter Simple*, but when we were boys we should not have thought anything the worse of it for that. We never were tired of the long yarns that the boatswain spun, or of the fights with the French, or of the no less interesting fights among the middies. As soon as a youngster has reached the last page of the third volume of *Peter Simple* and, like Oliver, still asks for more, let him take up Mr. Kingston's book, and he will perhaps be satisfied.

Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland and Italy. By the Rev. Jerome J. Mercier. (Bell and Daldy.) This book is most elegantly got up, and is embellished with "sixty-four picturesque views." We do not know if we should much care to keep it for ourselves, but we should not have the slightest hesitation in selecting it as a present to our neighbour. The chromo-lithographs are very unequal; many of them which are views of streets in towns are pretty enough, but where an attempt has been made to represent running water or ice the failure is most marked. Those who have never seen a waterfall may perhaps think that the view of the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen is true to nature, and those who have never seen a glacier may hazard a bold guess that in the view of Grindelwald the artist intends to represent ice. Still

there is much to recommend the work, and it is especially adapted for a present to all young couples who intend to spend their honeymoon in Switzerland.

Stephen Scudamore the Younger. By Arthur Locker. (Routledge and Sons.) We cannot pretend to have read the whole of this story, as it is rather a long one. Nevertheless if it keeps, as we have little doubt it does, as amusing and spirited to the end as it is in the opening chapters, it ought to be a great favourite with young people. As for ourselves, we may perhaps some day contrive to learn a little more of the adventures of Stephen and his sister Lucy, and yet keep our dignity unsullied by the suspicion that we can be interested in a book for children. We shall propose in these winter evenings to read it aloud to some little folk, and so shall satisfy our curiosity and at the same time gain a reputation for great benevolence.

The Riviera: Pen and Pencil Sketches from Cannes to Genoa. By the Dean of Canterbury. (Bell and Daldy.) "Six weeks alone with nature is a break in work," as the Dean tells us, "which does not often happen to a busy person." When it does happen, it is most unusual to find a person, however busy he may be, who can turn it to such good account as Dean Alford. We do not know if he was strongly impressed with the fact that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. But from whatever motive he acted, he set vigorously to work with pen and pencil even before the train brought him to the end of his journey, and profited by a monstrous detention on the railway to make at the same time a pretty sketch and a fierce attack on the Company. We must congratulate him warmly on his sketches, which are really very good. Only we hope that another time he will not be persuaded into having any of them spoilt by the colouring process to which the largest of them have been subjected. The waters of the Mediterranean and chromolithography scarcely harmonize at present. In his preface, in talking of the future of Italy, he says, "let her beware of adopting the worse fallacy of good laws disobeyed"; and more than once in the course of his work he insists on the supreme importance of obedience to the law. May we suggest to the Dean that in a future edition it would be well, in a note to the preface, to refer the reader to the following passage in page 91 for a practical illustration of this "fallacy"? "Into this archway, in spite of the *Prohibito di trattare nella Città*, always conspicuously painted up, your vetturino dashes full speed, amidst the barking of dogs, the screams of flying children, and execration of the women who stand at the doors. Once, and once only, in all my Riviera journeys have I been stopped in this random defiance of regulations." Perhaps, however, there are Dean's Laws as well as Dean's English.

We can only give a list of the following illustrated books for the nursery, all published by Routledge and Sons:—*Cinderella*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *The White Cat*, *The Dog's Dinner-Party*, *Rumpel-Stilts-Kin*, *The Grizzly Bear*, *The Fairy Ship*, *Dash and the Ducklings*, *My Mother*, *British Animals*, *My Mother's Picture-Book*, and *Routledge's Coloured Picture-Book*. In most of these, if we cannot say much for the drawing, we can at all events testify to the gaudiness of the colouring.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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